



The Memory Bank by Chris Chapman

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON

Time traveller.

TURLOUGH: MARK STRICKSON

Time traveller's companion.

MAX:

(F, early 30s) Homeless woman.

ARCHIVIST:/ COMPUTER:

(M, 60+) Dutiful old man./ Archive AI.

THE HUX:/ RADIO VOICE:/ DAVID FINCH:

A huge alien creature./ Space fighter control voice./ Attacked civilian.

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SCENE 1: INT. MEMORY BANK — ARCHIE AREA

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP ON METAL FLOOR. FAINT ELECTRONICS.

ARCHIVIST (ECHO):

I remember.

FX: ATMOS CHANGES TO WOODLAND

ARCHIVIST (NO ECHO):

I remember the woods. Running ahead of Mum.

FX: RUNNING WITH TWIGS UNDERFOOT

ARCHIVIST:

She's calling me back, but listening's boring.

FX: SKIDS AND STUMBLES

ARCHIVIST:

But then I stumble, and then — I fall.

FX: TUMBLING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH

ARCHIVIST:

Rolling over and over...

FX: BURST OF ELECTRICITY. ATMOS SUDDENLY VERY EMPTY

ARCHIVIST:

When I stop, I look up. No trees, no clouds, just stars. I'm outside the bubble. It's freezing cold and... I can't breathe.

FX: ANOTHER BURST

ARCHIVIST:

Then I feel Mum's hand on my coat, pulling me back into the forest.

FX: BACK IN THE FOREST

ARCHIVIST:

She's hugging me so tight. "Don't do that again", she says. I promise I won't forget.

COMPUTER:

Memory complete.

FX: FOREST VANISHES. FOOTSTEPS ON METAL

ARCHIVIST:

Thank you, Archie.

COMPUTER:

Loading next memory.

ARCHIVIST:

I remember... my husband.

FX: ATMOS CHANGES: HIGH IN SKY

ARCHIVIST:

I remember our balloon.

FX: HOT AIR BALLOON — ROPES STRETCHING, FIRE BURNING

ARCHIVIST:

It's his birthday and this is his big surprise. From up here we can see to the mercury falls and beyond. I lean over to him and whisper, "Remember this". Then...

FX: SCRATCHING SOUND

ARCHIVIST:

Then I turn around, and ...

FX: RASPING, SNARLING CREATURE NOISE (SEE LATER).

ARCHIVIST:

There's something in the basket with us. Breathing, rasping — like a wild pig. Teeth bared, eyes red, and that stench.

COMPUTER:

Memory distortion: archive bleed.

ARCHIVIST:

No, Archie, I have this under control.

FX: ALARMS. BALLOON FADES

COMPUTER:

Remembrance failing.

ARCHIVIST:

Concentrate. I remember our balloon. Just you and me, high in the sky in our balloon.

FX: BALLOON ATMOS RETURNS; ALARMS CEASE

COMPUTER:

Memory sustained.

ARCHIVIST:

Thank you, Archie. Please log that bleed.

COMPUTER:

Logged. Loading next memory.

SCENE 2: INT. MEMORY BANK – HALL AREA

FX: LARGE SPACE. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS.

TURLOUGH:

(EXITING TARDIS) Oh, now this is more like it, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(EXITING TARDIS) Well, Turlough, I promised you an interesting subject to paint, (FX: SLAMS DOOR SHUT) and the suns-sets over the fifth moon of – (BREAKS OFF; REALISATION) Ah.

TURLOUGH:

Not where you expected the TARDIS to land, is it?

DOCTOR:

Not quite, no. Perhaps you'd better take your easel back inside.

TURLOUGH:

I don't know. It's a marvellous sight, wherever it is. Some great cathedral made of metal. You can hear it in the echo.

DOCTOR:

You can indeed. (CURIOSITY PIQUED) Those columns must be nine hundred feet [high.]

FX: OVER: TURLOUGH'S EASEL UNFOLDED.

DOCTOR:

You wouldn't want to take a look around before you set up, I suppose?

TURLOUGH:

(RESIGNED) You want to explore.

DOCTOR:

I hate for you to miss the perfect angle, that's all.

FX: TURLOUGH REFOLDS EASEL.

TURLOUGH

Can't sit still, can you? – Come on then, off we go.

DOCTOR:

Good man.

FX: THEY WALK OFF. CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 3: INT. MEMORY BANK – ARCHIE AREA

FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR & TURLOUGH WALKING.

DOCTOR:

Curious. Those points of light either side of us – I took them to be windows at first, but now we're a little closer...

TURLOUGH:

(REALISATION) They're televisions. Thousands of tiny televisions, stacked from floor to ceiling!

DOCTOR:

Each one showing a different face.

FX: FEW STEPS OVER AS THEY TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

TURLOUGH:

This one here's the image of the PE master at Brendon! Old Higgins. Awful man.

DOCTOR:

(REACHING OUT) I wonder, are these screens touch-sensitive?

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, do you have to interfere?

DOCTOR:

Just curious, Turlough.

FX: SOFT BLEEP.

COMPUTER:

(FROM SCREEN) Name: Jacob March. Status: Remembered, seventh cycle.

TURLOUGH:

Not Higgo, then.

DOCTOR:

What is all this? A place of remembrance?

TURLOUGH:

Well, they look like a pretty dull lot. Who'd want to remember faces [like] – (BREAKS OFF)

FX: OVER: APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

TURLOUGH:

Someone's coming.

DOCTOR:

Behind the column. Just in case.

FX: THEY HIDE BEHIND A PILLAR AS ARCHIVIST GETS NEARER.

ARCHIVIST:

I remember my first day at school. I had the wrong shoes. They gave me blisters.

TURLOUGH:

(SOTTO) It's alright, it's just some old man. Half-dead by the look of him. (CURIOUS) What's that book he's holding?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) That's odd. It seems to be glowing.

ARCHIVIST:

I remember: the music teacher, she gave me a lift home...

TURLOUGH:

(SOTTO) Let's get some answers, shall we? (STEPPING OUT)

DOCTOR:

(HISSED) Turlough -

TURLOUGH:

(CALLING OUT) Hello!

ARCHIVIST:

(STARTLED) Who...?

TURLOUGH:

You couldn't tell us where we are, could you?

ARCHIVIST:

I do not remember you.

TURLOUGH:

No, we're new around here.

DOCTOR:

(JOINING TURLOUGH) Do forgive my young friend. He's on a school trip.

ARCHIVIST:

Come closer, boy.

DOCTOR:

Careful, Turlough.

TURLOUGH:

Under control, Doctor. (BESIDE ARCHIVIST) As I was [saying] -

ARCHIVIST:

Please, would you take the book from me?

TURLOUGH:

Why, is it heavy?

ARCHIVIST:

The weight is more than I can bear. (PASSES BOOK)

TURLOUGH:

(TAKING IT) Well, I don't suppose it'll cause me any tr[ouble]
(GASPS IN PAIN) Ahh!

FX: FLARE OF FIZZING, HISSING — LIKE BURNING.

DOCTOR:

Turlough!

TURLOUGH:

(PAINED) It's burning my hands! Doctor, help me!

DOCTOR:

(TRYING TO TAKE BOOK FROM TURLOUGH) It seems to be stuck fast.

TURLOUGH:

It hurts!

FX: FIZZING FADES.

ARCHIVIST:

The pain will pass. As... as must I... (COLLAPSES)

FX: HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

TURLOUGH:

Don't just pass out, help me!

ARCHIVIST:

(GASPING) I... I... want...

DOCTOR:

(CROUCHING) Go on. Is there something we can do for you?

ARCHIVIST:

... I want to forget. (DIES)

BEAT.

DOCTOR:

He's dead.

TURLOUGH:

Well that's just marvellous. What about me?

FX: VOICE FROM ALL AROUND.

COMPUTER:

You have been appointed Archivist of the Memory Bank.

TURLOUGH:

Excuse me?

DOCTOR:

Who said that?

COMPUTER:

I am the Archive Intelligence. I am named 'Archie'.

DOCTOR:

Pleased to meet you, Archie.

TURLOUGH:

Is that the old man's voice?

COMPUTER:

Master Tobias preferred this setting. –

COMPUTERISED TURLOUGH VOICE:

But I could use your voice, if you would like me to?

TURLOUGH:

Please don't. Look, what do you mean – I've been appointed Archivist?

COMPUTER:

You have the book. You have been appointed.

DOCTOR:

Tell me, Archie – what does the Archivist do, exactly?

COMPUTER:

The Archivist must remember.

TURLOUGH:

But I don't want to be the Archivist!

COMPUTER:

You have the book. You have been appointed.

TURLOUGH:

(TRYING TO SHAKE OFF BOOK) Fine, so how do I get rid of the wretched book? It's like it's fused into my hands...!

DOCTOR:

It's more than a book, it's an electronic interface. I'd say it had attached itself to your nervous system.

TURLOUGH:

So how do we detach it?

DOCTOR:

We don't. Hence the Archivist's burden.

TURLOUGH:

What?!

COMPUTER:

Your appointment is secured.

TURLOUGH:

You can't just make me be the Archivist!

DOCTOR:

Turlough, why not try asking Archie something else?

TURLOUGH:

Such as?

DOCTOR:

Start with the obvious.

TURLOUGH:

(SIGH) Alright. (TO ARCHIE) So where are we?

COMPUTER:

This is the Memory Bank. Two miles below Castic City, on the colony world Insculpo.

DOCTOR:

(PROMPTING TURLOUGH) Ask him what the Memory Bank is.

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, I'm perfectly capable of asking myself. (ALOUD) What is this 'Memory Bank'?

COMPUTER:

The last line of recollection. We use the crossroad to remember those who would otherwise be forgotten.

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) The faces on the screens...

COMPUTER:

Yes.

TURLOUGH:

So all these people are dead?

COMPUTER:

No. But they will be forgotten unless you remember.

TURLOUGH:

What's that supposed to mean?

DOCTOR:

Turlough, I think your job is to remember all these people.

TURLOUGH:

Remember them? I've never even met them!

FX: CRACKING SOUND, OFF — ONE OF THE SCREENS SPONTANEOUSLY
CRACKING. GLASS TINKLES TO THE FLOOR.

DOCTOR:

Look. (GOING OVER) One of the screens just cracked..

TURLOUGH:

What, of its own accord?

FX: WALKING ON GLASS.

COMPUTER:

Maxine Andrews has not been remembered in two cycles. She will
be forgotten.

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) She's going to die.

TURLOUGH:

What?

DOCTOR:

Maxine Andrews! She's going to die!

COMPUTER:

Imminently. Yes.

DOCTOR:

But not immediately?

COMPUTER:

Crossroad transfer causes a short time delay.

DOCTOR:

Then there may still be time! Archie — can you help me find
her?

FX: HUMMING SOUND OFF.

COMPUTER:

Transmat powering up.

DOCTOR:

A transmat, perfect!

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, you're not leaving me here!

DOCTOR:

I think the people of this world die if they're not remembered.

TURLOUGH:

So?!

DOCTOR:

So... if I meet this Maxine Andrews, maybe I can save her!

FX: HUMMING LEVELS OUT.

COMPUTER:

Transmat ready. Please take the comm-unit on the plinth.

DOCTOR:

(TAKING IT) Thank you. – Turlough, you've got a job to do. I suggest you get on with it.

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, wait –

DOCTOR:

Good luck.

FX: TRANSMAT BEAM. THE DOCTOR DISAPPEARS. OVER THIS:

TURLOUGH:

You can't just leave me on my own!!!

COMPUTER:

Master Turlough. You must begin to remember.

TURLOUGH:

Archie, how many subjects do you have here?

COMPUTER:

Thirty-seven thousand, seven hundred and four.

TURLOUGH:

I just shouldn't leave the TARDIS, should I?

SCENE 4: EXT. CITY STREET

FX: BUSY WALKWAY. MANY PEDESTRIANS RUSHING PAST, THROUGH:

MAX:

(CALLING OUT) Please, somebody, stop! Won't one of you just stop and talk to me! Can't you see what's happening to me? You know what this is. Come on, don't just keep walking!

FX: WIND RUSHING AROUND MAXINE. TWINKLY, 'ALTERATION' FX?

MAX:

(CALLING OUT) It hurts...! Pinpricks up my arms... on my face...
(REALISATION) My hand - I can see right through my hand...!

FX: BUT PEOPLE KEEP RUSHING BY.

MAX:

(DESPAIRING, TO SELF) Please, someone. Just talk to me. Help me...

FX: WIND INTENSIFIES. REVERSE TRANSMAT EFFECT AS DOCTOR APPEARS, OFF.

MAX:

Please...!

FX: DOCTOR RUNS OVER.

DOCTOR:

Ah, hello - I'm the Doctor, are you Maxine? Maxine Andrews?

MAX:

(FADING) How did you [know my name-]

DOCTOR:

I'll take that as a yes. Try and focus on my voice - you're not gone yet.

MAX:

They've forgotten me. I've become forgotten. I'm fading away...!

DOCTOR:

Take my hand, Maxine. Quickly. Tell me something about yourself. Tell me something so I can remember you.

MAX:

(EFFORT) My name... is Max. People call me Max. I can't feel your hand...!

DOCTOR:

People call you Max, that's something. How old are you, Max?

MAX:

Thirty-one. I'm thirty-one.

DOCTOR:

Where do you live? Where's your home, Max?

MAX:

Nowhere. I mean, the streets are my home. Nobody cares.

DOCTOR:

I care. Where did you grow up, Max?

MAX:

On... on a farm.

DOCTOR:

What kind of farm? Crops, livestock?

MAX:

A cattle farm! Dad ran a cattle farm outside the city. Cows and pigs and chickens. He let me keep one chick as a pet. We called him Charlie – Charlie Chicken.

FX: WIND DROPS, FADES AWAY THROUGH:

DOCTOR:

Keep going, Max. Holidays, humans always remember their holidays. Tell me about a holiday.

MAX:

One time, we went to the mercury falls. I met this boy, Darren. He almost fell over the edge, showing off. On the way home, he tried to kiss me. Tried... (BEAT) My hands. I can feel my hands again!

DOCTOR:

Yes, I think we're through the worst of it.

MAX:

You remembered me.

DOCTOR:

And I don't intend to forget.

MAX:

This shouldn't happen. That's what the Memory Bank is for.

DOCTOR:

I think there are going to be a lot more people like you, Max – unless my friend can do something about it.

SCENE 5: INT. MEMORY BANK

TURLOUGH:

Look, Archie – you've got the wrong man for this. I'm not much of a people person.

COMPUTER:

You are the Archivist.

TURLOUGH:

So you insist.

COMPUTER:

You must remember. Open the book.

TURLOUGH:

How? It's still stuck to my hands!

COMPUTER:

Open a neural pathway.

TURLOUGH:

(SARKY) I think about it, and it'll just open, I suppo—

FX: BOOK OPENS, FLUTTERING PAGES.

TURLOUGH:

Right. Book opened.

COMPUTER:

Select a memory and it will be downloaded from the neural crossroad.

TURLOUGH:

I do that, how? By reading?

COMPUTER:

Loading next memory.

FX: FADE UP SOUND OF MARCHING FEET (IN TURLOUGH'S HEAD). CROWDS CHEERING AS SOLDIERS PASS BY.

TURLOUGH:

Where am I?

COMPUTER:

You must remember.

TURLOUGH:

I'm marching... in uniform. We're at the spaceport, lots of people cheering, like a carnival – what are we celebrating? Oh, I remember – it's Settlement Day. How do I know that? Oh, somebody's running out from the crowd – it's a girl. Pretty girl, with brown eyes. – She kissed me! "Remember me", she said. – I'd better wipe her lipstick away. Don't think my wife would – what? My wife?!

FX: CUT MARCHING. PAGES FLUTTER. BOOK SLAMS SHUT.

COMPUTER:

All these things, you must remember.

TURLOUGH:

The old man, Tobias – how long was he the Archivist?

COMPUTER:

Forty-seven years.

TURLOUGH:

That's mad! Why did he do it for so long?

COMPUTER:

No-one volunteered to replace him.

TURLOUGH:

I'm not surprised. Where I'm from, people don't like looking back. They prefer to live in the present tense.

COMPUTER:

You survive without remembrance?

TURLOUGH:

Not all memories are good ones.

FX: BOOK FLUTTERS OPEN.

COMPUTER:

Loading next memory.

SCENE 6: CITY STREET

FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR AND MAX WALKING THROUGH CROWDS.

MAX:

You've actually seen the Memory Bank?

DOCTOR:

Is that so strange?

MAX:

It's supposed to be top secret – to the likes of me anyway.

DOCTOR:

I have something of a knack for stumbling into places...

FX: A HERD OF DANCING PEOPLE APPROACH, PASSING BY THROUGH THE REST OF THE SCENE. DANCING TO WEIRD, DISCORDANT MUSIC – LIKE A CARNIVAL PROCESSION.

DOCTOR:

What's that? A carnival procession?

MAX:

The Pageant. They pass by here every day. Some people around here are so scared of being forgotten that they have to seek attention.

DOCTOR:

I see. You opted out, I take it, Max?

MAX:

I'm more the quiet type.

DOCTOR:

Dangerous around these parts, I should imagine.

MAX:

Where did you say you were from?

DOCTOR:

I didn't. – I'm a tourist, I suppose.

MAX:

I'm surprised you got through the borders.

DOCTOR:

Well, let me see if I understand the brochure: here on Insculpo, if you're forgotten, you cease to exist. So remembering people keeps them alive?

MAX:

The crossroad bulletin says 'Remember your Neighbour, remember Insculpo'. Memories keep this colony going – they light the lights, pump the air and preserve the people you love.

DOCTOR:

This 'crossroad' – what is it, exactly?

MAX:

You really are a tourist. The neural crossroad is an information network you access just by thinking about it. No surgery required. Give it a try.

DOCTOR:

I'd rather not.

MAX:

Suit yourself. It's mostly advertising. (THINKS) Right now, they're trying to sell me biscuits.

DOCTOR:

A world powered by memories. That can't be a natural phenomenon.

MAX:

Many years ago, the colony was spent. All its resources exhausted. Then they made a breakthrough with the neural network – a new upgrade – and suddenly our memories were special.

DOCTOR:

So Insculpo had its power.

MAX:

They've kept it like that ever since – they closed the spaceports, no-one in, no-one out and the colony grew. Most people survive by remembering each other, but there's always some that fall through the cracks and get forgotten. People like me.

DOCTOR:

Can't you just... remember yourself?

MAX:

It's not enough. That's why I registered with the Memory Bank. It's incredibly illegal, but it's the only thing that's kept me alive. Until today.

DOCTOR:

That reminds me, I'd better check in with my friend.

SCENE 7: INT. MEMORY BANK

ARCHIE

Loading next memory.

TURLOUGH:

I remember the Christmas when nobody came. We always had turkey back home, but today I'm doing sausage and beans instead— (BREAKS OFF) This one's pretty bleak, Archie.

COMPUTER:

There are many such memories.

TURLOUGH:

Isolated, lonely people — I suppose I should empathise.

COMPUTER:

Loading next memory.

TURLOUGH:

Can't we take a break?

COMPUTER:

You must remember.

TURLOUGH:

I remember... When I was a boy, I was terrified I'd forget my Mum and Dad. I'd test myself all the time — try to imagine their faces, things we'd done together. But one day, I couldn't remember my Dad's voice. It just dropped out of my head. I was so scared, I ran home from school, just to check he still existed — (BREAKS OFF) Oh, I've had enough of this.

FX: BOOK PAGES FLUTTER SHUT.

COMPUTER:

You must remember.

TURLOUGH:

But I don't want to!

FX: A CRACKLE FROM COMMS SYSTEM.

DOCTOR:

(D) Turlough? Turlough, can you hear me?

TURLOUGH:

Doctor! Are you alright?

DOCTOR:

(D) Yes, Max and I are doing well.

TURLOUGH:

There he goes, always making friends. I don't know where he gets the energy.

DOCTOR:

(D) Turlough, it's becoming clear to me that -

FX: A SCREEN CRACKS, OFF.

DOCTOR:

(D) What was that?

TURLOUGH:

Another of those screens just cracked.

COMPUTER:

David Finch is being forgotten.

DOCTOR:

(D) Turlough, these people are relying on you!

TURLOUGH:

And who's looking after me? This whole thing is giving me brain ache!

DOCTOR:

(D) Archie, can you locate the fallen man?

SCENE 8: EXT. PARK

FX: FADE UP. TRANSMAT BEAM.

MAX:

Hate those transmats.

DOCTOR:

You get used to them. – We're looking for a David Finch. He should be somewhere in this park. (BEAT) Max, are you sure you want to stay with me? It might not be safe.

MAX:

You saved my life, and now you remember me, so you're going to keep on saving my life. I'm sticking around.

DOCTOR:

Happy to have you. Now, David Finch. He can't be very far – [away]

DAVID FINCH:

(OFF, CRYING OUT) Somebody help me! Please...!

MAX:

There! By the trees!

DOCTOR:

Ah, yes. (RUNNING) Come on, Max!

FX: MAX FOLLOWS DOCTOR. CROSS TO BESIDE DAVID FINCH. WIND WHIRLING AROUND HIM; TWINKLY FX, AS BEFORE.

DAVID FINCH:

I don't want to be forgotten! Please...! (SCREAMS) Aaah...!

FX: AS HIS SCREAM FADES, DOCTOR AND MAX RUN UP.

DOCTOR:

Yes, he's a lot further along than you were.

MAX:

He's all but invisible.

DOCTOR:

David? David Finch? – David, look at me!

FX: WIND FADES. BUT THE TWINKLY FX CONTINUE TO BUILD THROUGH:

MAX:

Doctor, it's too late! – We should go. The Forgotten, they leave something behind.

DOCTOR:

What sort of something? There's nothing of him left.

MAX:

But that nothing is dangerous. Look!

DOCTOR:

I see it. A shape forming in the space where his shadow used to be. (THINKS) Drawing energy from the neural network, perhaps...?

FX: TWINKLES FADE, REPLACED BY RASPING, SNARLING.

DOCTOR:

Some kind of animal. My, what big teeth it has...

MAX:

Doctor, run!!!

FX: THEY LEG IT. THE SNARLING CREATURE CHARGES AFTER THEM.

MAX:

(RUNNING) We'll never outrun it!

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) Take my hand. (INTO COMMS) Archie?! Archie, I need you to transmat Max and me back to our last location!

FX: SNARLING CREATURE NEARLY ON THEM.

MAX:

(RUNNING) (ALARM) Doctor!!!

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) (INTO COMMS) Now, Archie!!!

FX: TRANSMAT BEGINS AS THE CREATURE'S JAWS SNAP.

SCENE 9: EXT. CITY STREET

FX: PEOPLE PASSING BY. TRANSMAT.

MAX:

(BREATHLESS) I like transmats more now.

DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS) Yes, that was closer than I'd like. – Tell me, Max. This neural network – is it routed through anywhere?

MAX:

The power station, you mean?

DOCTOR:

Yes, that sounds promising. I'd like to know more about this network of yours. Whatever that creature was, it seemed to be drawing power from it.

MAX:

Well, you can forget looking around the power station. All State buildings are shielded, you can't just transmat in.

DOCTOR:

Ah.

MAX:

(A THOUGHT) Unless... can we call the Archivist?

SCENE 10: INT. MEMORY BANK

DOCTOR:

(D) Turlough?

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, where've you been? I need you to get me out of this!

DOCTOR:

(D) All in good time. My friend Max would like to talk to you.

TURLOUGH:

Your new best friend. – Go ahead, put her on.

MAX:

(D; TAKING COMMS) Archivist, I need you to find me a security guard. Someone with full clearance for the power complex.

TURLOUGH:

I don't follow.

MAX:

(D) Think, security guards! Solitary types doing long, late, lonely shifts? Exactly the sort of person likely to be registered with the Bank!

TURLOUGH:

Archie? Do we have anyone like that?

FX: BOOK PAGES FLUTTERING.

COMPUTER:

Subject located – security officer, Thomas Evans. Loading memory.

TURLOUGH:

I remember... There's me in the mirror. Sharp uniform, smart haircut, boring commute. Hate Mondays.

MAX:

(D) How does he access the building?

TURLOUGH:

I'm typing in the code – five, seven, two, four, nine. And the main gate opens.

MAX:

(D) Five, seven, two, four, nine – got it.

TURLOUGH:

Working in this job, you learn not to ask questions. You let the suits in to see it, then you let them out again.

MAX:

(D) Thank you, Archivist. That's all we need. Doctor, take the comms unit.

TURLOUGH:

But one day, I snuck down to the generators to see for myself.

DOCTOR:

(D) See what? Turlough? What did Thomas Evans see?

COMPUTER:

Memory partially erased. Restoring.

TURLOUGH:

And I look around the corner and I saw this creature—

FX: RASPING, SNARLING CREATURE (IN TURLOUGH'S HEAD)

TURLOUGH:

It was looking right at me! RASPING, and snarling, with all these teeth —

DOCTOR:

(D) It must be one of those animals we saw.

TURLOUGH:

And then — it jumped...

FX: CREATURE POUNCES (IN TURLOUGH'S HEAD). BEGINS TO SAVAGE HIM.

TURLOUGH:

(CRIES OUT, IN PAIN — BEING SAVAGED)

DOCTOR:

(D) Archie, get him out of there!

FX: CREATURE MEMORY CUTS OFF ABRUPTLY.

COMPUTER:

Remembrance concluded. Archivist retrieved.

DOCTOR:

(D) Turlough, are you alright?

TURLOUGH:

It was horrible! Horrible!

DOCTOR:

(D) I'm sorry, Turlough. Archie — can you beam us close to the power complex?

COMPUTER:

Affirmative. Transmatting you now.

FX: TRANSMAT FLARES, OFF.

TURLOUGH:

(DAZED) I remember...

COMPUTER:

Negative, no memory accessed.

TURLOUGH:

(DAZED) ... Trion. I remember... Trion.

SCENE 11: INT. POWER STATION

FX: FADE UP. 5 x BEEPS — CODE ENTERED, GATE OPENS.

MAX:

And we're in.

DOCTOR:

Good old Turlough.

MAX:

Will he be alright?

DOCTOR:

I hope so. The guard's memory seemed particularly traumatic. So much so it was partially erased. Who by, I wonder...?

FX: A PING CLOSE BY, LIFT DOORS OPEN.

MAX:

Need a lift?

DOCTOR:

Yes, Thomas Evans remembered going down to the generators.

MAX:

After you, then.

FX: THEY ENTER LIFT. DOORS CLOSE. CROSS TO:

SCENE 12: INT. LIFT [CONTINUOUS]

FX: DESCENDING LIFT.

DOCTOR:

Max, I hope you don't mind me asking..

MAX:

What?

DOCTOR:

You said you were homeless because nobody cares. But there's more to it than that, isn't there?

MAX:

I had a best friend – Rebecca – we were close once, but after college, we just drifted apart. I didn't think about her for years. Until one day, I thought I'd look her up. And she wasn't there any more.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry.

MAX:

I forgot her. It was my fault.

DOCTOR:

It wasn't your fault.

MAX:

On the streets, I'm alone, invisible – that's good. Means I've got no-one to remember, no-one to let down.

DOCTOR:

You've not let me down, certainly.

MAX:

Ha. Well, you won't be easy to forget!

SCENE 13: INT. MEMORY BANK/TURLOUGH'S HEAD

FX: BLEEPING ALERT SIGNAL.

COMPUTER:

Warning. Archivist consciousness lost. Inward memory bleed.

TURLOUGH:

I remember Trion. The war on Trion...

FX: CROSS TO INSIDE TURLOUGH'S HEAD. REMEMBERING PILOTING SPACE FIGHTER. SPACESHIP, LASERS, WAR.

TURLOUGH:

(INTO COMMS) Ensign Commander Turlough calling Control.

RADIO VOICE:

(D) We read you, Vislor. Proceed directly to Jorva Plateau. Civilians under heavy bombardment. Women and children require immediate evac.

TURLOUGH:

Listen, Control, I've just heard reports of bombing runs over the Winter Planet – that's my home, my family, I have to get back.

RADIO VOICE:

Negative, Ensign Commander, you're the only ship in the sector – proceed to the evac.

TURLOUGH:

I'm sorry, Control, I can't – I'm going home.

FX: SHIP CHANGES COURSE.

RADIO VOICE:

Turlough, those civilians need your help! Turlough!!!

FX: CROSS BACK TO INSIDE THE MEMORY BANK. SEVERAL SCREENS CRACK IN SEQUENCE, OFF.

COMPUTER:

Screens cracking. Memory systems failing. Archivist, wake up! You must remember!

TURLOUGH:

(STILL DAZED) I remember...

SCENE 14: INT. POWER STATION GENERATOR

FX: THRUMMING ELECTRICAL POWER — LIKE FRANKENSTEIN LAB EQUIPMENT. PING, LIFT DOORS OPEN. MAX AND DOCTOR STEPPING OUT.

MAX:

That sound...!

DOCTOR:

Psychokinetic energy, feeding back through this conduit here. All of it generated from... over there.

MAX:

That huge ball of fat?

DOCTOR:

I think we're at the wrong end. Shall we go round and say hello?

FX: FOLLOW THEM AS THEY JOG AROUND THE BALL OF FAT. BRING UP LOUD, RASPING BREATHING AS THEY APPROACH.

MAX:

(JOGGING) The wrong end of what? Doctor?

THE HUX:

(RASPING) Doctor...!

FX: MAX AND DOCTOR JOG TO STOP.

MAX:

Oh my G—

DOCTOR:

There you are. Aren't you a pretty one.

MAX:

That's the face of the beast in the shadows!

DOCTOR:

Max, meet the heart, or should I say the stomach, of Insculpo.

THE HUX:

Doctor. I have memories of you. (BELCHES LOUDLY)

DOCTOR:

You're a Hux, aren't you?

THE HUX:

You know of my kind?

DOCTOR:

By reputation. The Hux – a race of insatiably hungry creatures, with big psychic brains, who feed on, well, every Hux has a different diet, don't they? And judging by your size and location, I presume your favourite food is –

MAX:

Memories.

DOCTOR:

Precisely.

MAX:

Is it dangerous?

DOCTOR:

Dangerous? Look at it – it's too big to move.

THE HUX:

You entertain me, Doctor...!

DOCTOR:

I see it now. The colony's rulers were facing disaster, and then a baby Hux turned up and offers them unlimited power in exchange for a few memories – virtual realities to snack on. Usually it only feeds in person – but link it up to a neural advertising network, and suddenly it's got a whole planet to gorge on!

MAX:

If it's that hungry, why forget people?

THE HUX:

(BELCH) They are a poor meal.

DOCTOR:

You're a picky eater, aren't you? The Forgotten don't inspire enough memories to be worth farming – so you just swallow them whole, and control the psychic imprint they leave behind! Correct?

THE HUX:

Too much talk. I have summoned my children.

MAX:

Your children?

FX: RASPING, SNARLING CREATURES – AS IN THE PARK – APPROACH FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

THE HUX:

The Forgotten. They are here.

MAX:

Doctor, they're all around us!

SCENE 15: **INT. MEMORY BANK/TURLOUGH'S HEAD**

FX: SPACE FIGHTER INTERIOR. CRUISING – PERHAPS DISTANT SOUND OF BURNING.

TURLOUGH:

I remember: I'm flying over the Winter Planet. The old house burning, ice spires melting.

FX: AS IF OVER TURLOUGH'S SHIP'S RADIO – THE DOCTOR ON THE COMMS UNIT:

DOCTOR:

(D; PANICKED) Turlough, we need your help! Turlough!!!

FX: SHIP EFFECTS FADE, RETURNING TO MEMORY BANK INTERIOR THROUGH:

TURLOUGH:

I land, but there's no-one there. My family have already escaped. So the civilians I abandoned died for nothing. I remember. I can't forget...

FX: DOCTOR IS ON THE COMMS. SNARLING CREATURES IN B/G.

DOCTOR:

(D) Turlough, are you there?! Max and I are under attack!

COMPUTER:

Archivist consciousness stabilising.

TURLOUGH:

(SNAPPING BACK INTO IT) I'm here, Doctor! What do you mean, 'under attack'?

DOCTOR:

(D) By the creatures that take the place of the Forgotten. The alien that controls them is using the same neural network as you. If you can fill each of the Forgotten creatures with new memories, I'm hoping you could overwrite them, drive it out!

TURLOUGH:

New memories? Whose?

DOCTOR:

(D) Yours? Nice ones, preferably!

TURLOUGH:

I don't have many!

DOCTOR:

(D) Names, faces, people you've met! Hurry, Turlough!

TURLOUGH:

But –

DOCTOR:

(D; DESPERATE) A list of names! How hard can that be?!

TURLOUGH:

I can't think of any! Only – (REALISES) the class register at Brendon. I know that by heart, I heard it read out every morning for years...!

DOCTOR:

(D) That'll do!

FX: BOOK FLUTTERS OPEN.

TURLOUGH:

I remember Hippo Ibbotson. I remember spending half-term with his family in Weston-super-Mare – sitting in his father's car, staring out at the rainy seafront, eating his mother's weeping lettuce sandwiches. I remember Peter Smythe – we pinched the trophies from the sports cabinet and dumped them in the school pond. I remember Charlie Gibbs – we climbed over the wall of the girls' school, only when they saw us they shrieked so loud that he fell back over the wall and fractured his collarbone...

COMPUTER:

Transmitting new memories.

TURLOUGH:

I remember Henry Lucas, Barney Adams, Kenneth Smith...

SCENE 16: INT. POWER STATION GENERATOR

FX: B/G THRUMMING. TWINKLY FX. SNARLING RECEDES.

MAX:

Doctor – the creatures, they're changing...!

DOCTOR:

I do believe you're right! Oh, well done, Turlough!

MAX:

They've got faces – just faintly, and what's that they wearing?

DOCTOR:

Brendon School uniform! Max, meet the class of 1983!

HUX:

Not possible.

DOCTOR:

Off you go, boys, on your way!

FX: TWINKLY FX RECEDE.

MAX:

They're leaving!

HUX:

I do not need them. Not when I can feed on your memories, Doctor...!

FX: WIND WHIPS UP, AS BEFORE.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT, BUFFETTED BY WIND) I wouldn't go digging around inside my head, if I were you – goodness knows what you'll find...

HUX:

So many lives to be savoured. This will be a famous feast!

DOCTOR:

(GASPS) It's reaching into my mind...!

HUX:

You will be forgotten, Doctor...! (CONTINUES TO GURGLE MERRILY THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Max...! You remember I said how all the power in the city flows out via a psychokinetic conduit...?

MAX:

(GOING OFF) What, this huge cable?

DOCTOR:

It's like a pump. So the direction can be changed – from outflow to inflow...!

MAX:

(OFF) How?

DOCTOR:

I don't know! Look for buttons, switches, anything!

MAX:

(OFF) There's only a lever!

DOCTOR:

Try it...!

FX: HUGE LEVER CREAKS. CHANGE IN PITCH OF B/G THRUMMING.

HUX:

(PAINED) NO! No, the power – coming back into me...! Too much...!

DOCTOR:

So detach yourself from the neural network, Hux! Relinquish your hold on the city!

FX: THE ENERGY SOUNDS REACHES A PEAK

MAX:

The Hux, it's glowing!

DOCTOR:

Get back, Max!

HUX:

(BEING FRIED) I am... full!

FX: HUGE FIZZING EXPLOSION. FADE.

SCENE 17: **INT. MEMORY BANK [LATER]**

FADE UP.

TURLOUGH:

So I don't have to remember anything else?

DOCTOR:

With the destruction of the neural network, the Memory Bank is now redundant.

COMPUTER:

Then the Archive Intelligence is redundant also. (SLOWING, FADING) Archive Intelligence... shutting down...

FX: POWERING DOWN. PAPER FLUTTERS.

TURLOUGH:

At last, that book's coming loose. I can't say I'll miss it!

MAX:

The lights are going out already. How will we power the colony?

DOCTOR:

Insculpo needs to find new ways to manage itself, Max. I saw some old solar cells in the park. There's a wealth of knowledge stored in this Memory Bank, if you can use them to get it going again. The life's experiences of technicians, scientists, electrical engineers, just waiting to be tapped.

MAX:

Then they won't be the forgotten, after all.

DOCTOR:

Quite. Now – Turlough and I must be on our way.

TURLOUGH:

Good. I can't say I'll recall this place with any fondness.

DOCTOR:

Memories are fickle, Turlough. There are days when the bad ones want to overwhelm us. But the good ones give us the strength to fight them off – don't you think?

THE END



The Last Fairy Tale by Paul Magrs

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON

Time traveller.

TURLOUGH: MARK STRICKSON

Time traveller's companion.

GRAYLING FRIMLISH:

(M, 50+) An elderly Storyteller, spry and twinkling.

DIAMON:

(F, 20s) The Princess of the village – fairest and kindest of them all.

ALITHA:

(F, 50+) A hideous witch, rasping and vengeful.

ALSO: SHIRI [non-speaking – a dwarf who can only grunt aggressively]; **TOWNSFOLK.**

DIRECTOR: HELEN GOLDWYN

SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES

PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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SCENE 1: EXT. WOODS

FX: BIRDSONG. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

(EXITING) The scenery should be rather breath-taking, so if you're serious about a little painting...

TURLOUGH:

No, all I'm bringing is a sketchpad. The easel's a hostage to fortune.

FX: DOCTOR CLOSES DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Just look at that view. We've caught the autumn, too.

TURLOUGH:

It's glorious.

DOCTOR:

I believe there's a small town in the valley. I suggest a brisk walk, or a jog, perhaps?

TURLOUGH:

A jog?!

DOCTOR:

If you're going to sit around drawing for hours, we might as well get some exercise in first... (BEGINS TO JOG GENTLY)

FX: VEGETATION CRACKLING UNDERFOOT.

TURLOUGH:

(CALLING AFTER) I'm not jogging anywhere! (BEAT; TO SELF) Oh, for Trion's sake. - Wait. Wait!

FX: HE JOGS AFTER DOCTOR.

CROSS-FADE TO:

SCENE 2: EXT. WOODS [MOMENTS LATER]

FX: DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH JOGGING ALONG.

TURLOUGH:

This is supposed to be a little rest, you said. Back to a simpler time. The ancient forests of Medieval Europe.

DOCTOR:

Well, here we are! We must beware of the wildlife, of course. Boars, bears, and so on. Some of the humans can be quite savage, too.

TURLOUGH:

Great.

DOCTOR:

Nothing to worry about for seasoned travellers like us, eh?

TURLOUGH:

Watch out – this bit's quite steep...!

DOCTOR:

Keep a straight back and you won't lose your footing – (LOSING HIS FOOTING) Whoa!

TURLOUGH:

(GRABBING DOCTOR) It's alright, I've got you. –

FX: SLIPPING ON LEAVES.

TURLOUGH:

(LOSING HIS FOOTING) Whoaaa!!!

FX: SERIES OF CRASHES AS BOTH TURLOUGH AND THE DOCTOR TUMBLE DOWN A STEEP INCLINE, BREAKING THROUGH TANGLED UNDERGROWTH.

DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH:

(CRY OUT AS THEY FALL)

FX: THUMP! THUMP! AS THEY CRASH TO A STOP IN UNDERGROWTH.

DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH:

(WINDED, EG:) Oof!/ Oof!

BEAT.

TURLOUGH:

(GROANING) Ow. Ow ow ow...!

DOCTOR:

(WINDED) Turlough? Are you alright-?

TURLOUGH:

(REALISES SKETCHPAD'S CRUSHED) Oh, no...!

FX: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS AS SOMEONE STRIDES UP FROM OFF.

DOCTOR:

Someone's coming.

GRAYLING:

(APPROACHING) What's all this, then? What are you two up to? Hiding in the bushes to ambush the unwary?

DOCTOR:

(GETTING UP) Not at all, we fell. Um, could you help us? I fear my friend has hurt himself..

TURLOUGH:

I'm fine. I've ruined my sketchpad, though.

DOCTOR:

Well, perhaps you shouldn't have dragged me down the slope.

TURLOUGH:

I was stopping you from falling!

GRAYLING:

You fell all the way down there?! – Well, I'm glad you dropped by, friends! (AMUSED BY SELF) Dropped by...!

TURLOUGH:

Pleased to meet you, Oscar Wilde.

GRAYLING:

(GOING OVER) Let me help you up, young sir.

FX: AS GRAYLING HELPS DOCTOR UP:

DOCTOR:

Thank you. I'm the Doctor, and this is Turlough. We're, er, travellers. And you are.. a gentleman of the road, perhaps?

TURLOUGH:

(ON FEET, MUTTERING) Certainly smells like one.

GRAYLING:

I am Grayling Frimlish. Many years I have travelled this world. I have seen just about everywhere there is to see!

TURLOUGH:

I doubt that.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Turlough.

GRAYLING:

I have been walking all of my life. Resting only now and then. But at last I am near the end of my travels – and my story too, I think...

DOCTOR:

The end...? Are you going to the village?

GRAYLING:

Vadhoc, yes. It isn't far. We can rest there, and eat. Will you walk with me?

DOCTOR:

Why not!

TURLOUGH:

Do you want a list of reasons?

FX: GRAYLING IS ALREADY STRIDING OFF.

GRAYLING:

Come, then, friends! (STILL CHORTLING AT SELF) 'Dropped by'!
Ha!!!

FX: DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH FOLLOW.

CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 3: EXT. VADHOC TOWN OUTSKIRTS

FX: FADE UP NOISE OF BUSTLING TOWN AS OUR HEROES APPROACH PERIMETER AND GATEWAY. CARTS, CHATTER, HENS, RAUCOUS CRIES FROM A BUSY MARKET AND A CROWD GATHERING.

TURLOUGH:

It's all a bit busier than I imagined a medieval village would be...

GRAYLING:

I expect there's something special going on today, hm?

DOCTOR:

What might that be, I wonder?

GRAYLING:

(CALLING) Hello! Hello, there, Miss...!

DIAMON:

(COMING OVER) Greetings, strangers! I am Diamon. Welcome to our town, on this most auspicious of days!

DOCTOR:

Why auspicious? What's going on?

GRAYLING:

Is it a jamboree? I'm partial to a jamboree.

TURLOUGH:

Please, not some ghastly festival.

DIAMON:

It is a day my people have awaited for many years. A special boon will be granted to us this day.

GRAYLING:

A boon!

DIAMON:

We are very lucky indeed.

GRAYLING:

Luckier than my new friends here. They suffered a nasty fall in the woods. (CONFIDENTIALLY) Between you and me, I don't think they're much used to travelling.

TURLOUGH:

This is embarrassing...

DIAMON:

No, they do not look as if they belong in our land. Such strange vestments. – You have come a great distance, I think?

DOCTOR:

We have, rather. But I must say, we've been charmed by everything we've seen so far.

DIAMON:

You intrigue me. You and your flame-haired companion.

GRAYLING:

And me? Do I intrigue you, as well?

DIAMON:

Not you, no.

GRAYLING:

Oh! But I am a wayfarer, as well. I have journeyed from afar. Untold distances have I walked. The width and breadth of all the lands. Just look at these feet...!

DIAMON:

You look a bit scruffy, to be honest. We're having a day of celebration in Vadhoc. You might lower the tone.

GRAYLING:

A bit scruffy! Oh! Does that really matter?

DOCTOR:

Life on the road must be very hard.

GRAYLING:

It is! And I've come so far!

DIAMON:

If these two fine-looking gentlemen are prepared to accept responsibility for you, I'm sure we can let you visit Vadhoc. For a day.

GRAYLING:

Oh, thank you very much! Most gracious of you, miss.

TURLOUGH:

(GROANS) Now we're stuck with him...!

DIAMON:

I shall show you in, strangers. (CALLING) Let them through!

FX: HUGE GATES CREAK OPEN, OFF.

SCENE 4: EXT. SQUARE – OUTSIDE THE SEVERED PAW

FX: FADE UP. BUSY, CHATTERING, EXCITED CROWD. SNATCHES OF CHATTER AS GRAYLING AND TURLOUGH WALK THROUGH.

TOWNSFOLK:

What time is he starting?/
Where's it to be?/
First time in so many years.../
I think I remember my father saying he heard a Storyteller
once.../
Outside The Severed Paw.../
In Talespinner Square.../
Could it be the same man, after so long...?

GRAYLING:

It looks like everyone from miles around has converged on the town today. How exciting!

TURLOUGH:

Seems a bit rowdy, if you ask me.

GRAYLING:

There's nothing wrong with a bit of rowdiness. Not after years of solitary wandering in the wilderness...

TURLOUGH:

(STOPPING) Hold on, where's the Doctor gone?

GRAYLING:

He was just ahead of us, talking to that lovely young woman.

TURLOUGH:

Making friends, as usual. – I can't see them through these crowds!

GRAYLING:

Never mind, we can catch up with them later. Look where fortune has brought us – The Severed Paw!

TURLOUGH:

The what? (REALISATION) We are not going inside some rough old pub.

GRAYLING:

(EXITING INTO PUB) Come along, friend Turlough!

CROSS INTO:

SCENE 5: INT. THE SEVERED PAW [CONTINUOUS]

FX: CRACKLE OF FIRE; MURMUROUS CHATTER OF DRINKERS. GLASSES BEING THUMPED DOWN ON WOODEN TABLES.

GRAYLING:

What a delightfully squalid inn!

TURLOUGH:

It's foul.

GRAYLING:

But the ambience! Isn't it perfect? Isn't this what every weary traveller longs to discover on the road?

TURLOUGH:

A nice cocktail bar, perhaps. Not a place like this!

FX: THEY MOVE TOWARDS BAR.

GRAYLING:

(CALLING) Barkeep! Two foaming tankards of your very darkest ale, please.

FX: SQUISH OF ALE FROM TAP. OVER THIS:

TURLOUGH:

Look at the people in here! I'm not sure some of them qualify as people, even.

GRAYLING:

Don't look now, but someone's got their eye on you.

TURLOUGH:

Who?

GRAYLING:

At the end of the bar. That foul-looking strumpet with the eye-patch and the broom, and the dagger between her teeth. Not to mention the great brindled wolf curled at her feet with his hackles raised. Oh, and that hunchbacked dwarf with the axe. All three are shooting you the most horrible looks.

TURLOUGH:

What have I done to them?

FX: THUNK OF TWO TANKARDS ON THE BAR.

GRAYLING:

You're the stranger in town. Funny clothes. Snooty attitude. You don't fit in.

TURLOUGH:

So what am I supposed to do about it?

GRAYLING:

Drink your ale and smile graciously.

TURLOUGH:

(SIPS BEER; SPLUTTERS) That's disgusting...!

GRAYLING:

(SIPS BEER HEARTILY) Ahh! (CALLING) Barkeep, does the barrel have a dead rat floating in it? – It does? Good! It's very delicious, sir. My congratulations!

TURLOUGH:

How come they're not giving you the evil eye?

GRAYLING:

I fit in splendidly. Now sit quietly and wait, like everybody else.

TURLOUGH:

Wait for what? To have my throat cut?

GRAYLING:

It's a special day here in Vadhoc. Everyone's waiting. They're becoming quite impatient.

TURLOUGH:

What are they waiting for?

GRAYLING:

Why, don't you know? – The coming of the Storyteller!

SCENE 6: EXT. VADHOC TOWN CENTRE

FX: DOCTOR AND DIAMON WALK THROUGH QUIETER CROWDS.

DIAMON:

This way, stranger.

DOCTOR:

"Doctor", please. Odd, the way the crowds seem to draw away as you approach, Diamon.

DIAMON:

It is not for me alone... "Doctor".

DOCTOR:

No, of course not – (STOPPING; REALISATION) Wait. Where's Turlough got to? And that fellow Frimlish?

DIAMON:

We've lost them in the crowd. Do they matter?

DOCTOR:

Well, yes. They're my friends.

DIAMON:

Never mind them. Today, the Storyteller comes to Vadhoc.

DOCTOR:

Very nice, I'm sure. (SCANNING CROWD) I can't see them anywhere...!

DIAMON:

The old tales never told us what the Storyteller would look like. We didn't know who to expect.

DOCTOR:

I daresay that's terribly inconvenient. – Why does everyone keep giving us such funny looks?

DIAMON:

The townsfolk regard me with awe, because I am their Princess.

DOCTOR:

Their what?

DIAMON:

But I am not the source of their awe and excitement for once. These people have gathered from near and far to hear our visitor speak. Vadhoc has known nothing like it since a Storyteller last came, back in my Grandmother's time.

DOCTOR:

What a fascinating ritual.

DIAMON:

We are all most eager to hear what you have come to tell us.

DOCTOR:

What?! Me...?

DIAMON:

You needn't go on pretending. I knew who you were from the very first. You are special. Your peculiar clothes. The quizzical look in your eye. Your open face.

DOCTOR:

I'm flattered, Diamon. But really, I'm no-one special. I'm just passing through.

DIAMON:

Come now, Storyteller. Your arrival has long been foretold. You wouldn't want to disappoint us – would you?

SCENE 7: INT. THE SEVERED PAW

FX: AMBIENCE AS BEFORE. TANKARD SLAMMED ON TABLE.

TURLOUGH:

You're talking about the Doctor!

GRAYLING:

What? Am I?

TURLOUGH:

It all fits! Don't you see?

GRAYLING:

Not really, but then I'm not as bright as a young fellow like you and this is my second pint...

TURLOUGH:

The mysterious stranger who wanders into town, his coming foretold by legend. It's always the Doctor!

GRAYLING:

Does your Doctor tell incredible tales of long-ago heroes and terrible monsters and feats of derring-do? Is his mind a vast compendium of myths and near-myths?

TURLOUGH:

Yes, it is! That's the Doctor all over. Sometimes he mentions places he's been and adventures he's had in this offhand kind of way, and I hardly know whether to believe him or not...

GRAYLING:

Are we talking about the same chap? The blond one? Quite mild-mannered?

TURLOUGH:

He might look quite unassuming, I agree...

GRAYLING:

He seemed something of a dull young fellow to me.

TURLOUGH:

He puts that on. It's an act. He's got so many enemies in the universe, you see. He slips through unnoticed... Hey, this ale stuff isn't too bad, you know...

GRAYLING:

It's the dead rat, I told you.

FX: ALITHA BARRELS OVER.

ALITHA:

Here, you. The redhead.

TURLOUGH:

What? Urgh. What is it?

ALITHA:

I've had my eye on you since you came in here with your dirty friend...

GRAYLING:

Huh! Dirty!

ALITHA:

You say you're friends with the Storyteller? You actually know him?

TURLOUGH:

I do indeed, old woman!

ALITHA:

I see...

GRAYLING:

Oh dear, Turlough. Perhaps you shouldn't go showing off...

TURLOUGH:

I'm not! All I'm saying is that the Doctor [could tell you a thing or two...]

ALITHA:

(RAISES VOICE TO OTHERS) Shiri! Zounds! Over here!

SHIRI:

(GRUNTS INCOHERENTLY AS HE STOMPS OVER: "Coming, Alitha!")

GRAYLING:

What language is that, that your dwarven friend speaks?

ALITHA:

The same as ours. But once upon a time our other companion here – Zounds, the devil hound – bit out his tongue. He's been completely unintelligible ever since.

GRAYLING:

Then why did he not put the dog down?

SHIRI:

(GRUNTS IN EXPLANATION: "It was a very long time ago and we're all friends again now.")

GRAYLING:

What's he saying?

ALITHA:

That it was a very long time ago and we're all friends again now.

ZOUNDS:

(BARKS AFFIRMATIVELY)

TURLOUGH:

Do you know – we met a Sontaran who'd bit off his own tongue, once. Me and the Doctor.

ALITHA:

So, it seems we have indeed found the Storyteller! Where is he now?

TURLOUGH:

The Doctor? He's not here. He's out in the streets somewhere with that young woman, Diamon...

GRAYLING:

A rather lovely young lady. He's no fool, your Doctor.

ALITHA:

So he thinks he's safe with the Princess, does he? No matter. Shiri, Zounds – we'll take the Storyteller's flame-haired companion in his stead. As our hostage!

SHIRI/ZOUNDS:

(GRUNT/WHINE AFFIRMATIVELY)

TURLOUGH:

I beg your pardon?

GRAYLING:

I don't like the look of this situation, Turlough. These three seem a bit cut-throat to me.

FX: SCUFFLE AS THE RUFFIANS TAKE HOLD OF THEIR PRISONERS. ALE IS SPILLED. DISQUIET AMONG PATRONS.

TURLOUGH:

(GRABBED) Hey, what's going on?

ALITHA:

(CALLING TO BAR) Put down your drinks and put up your hands! Zounds, Shiri – disarm everyone.

SHIRI/ZOUNDS:

(GRUNT/BARK AFFIRMATIVELY)

ALITHA:

All of you – get down on the floor!

TURLOUGH:

I'm not lying on that filthy floor...

GRAYLING:

Best do as she says, Turlough...

ALITHA:

Get on the floor! This is a hostage situation! You're all our prisoners now!

SCENE 8: EXT. SQUARE – OUTSIDE THE SEVERED PAW

DOCTOR:

Whoever this "Storyteller" is, Diamon – I promise you, it isn't me!

DIAMON:

Legend has it that the Storyteller is playful, quixotic. You're playing games with me...!

DOCTOR:

No, I am not. I'm quite a straightforward type, really...

FX: KERFUFFLE IN THE CROWD. DISTANT CRIES OF PANIC, AND PEOPLE STARTING TO MOVE QUICKLY.

FLEEING TOWNSFOLK:

They've got a wolf!/
They've got knives!/
That dwarf is swinging an axe around!/
They're taking prisoners!/
Run away...!

DOCTOR:

Interesting. There seems to be some kind of disturbance over at that inn.

DIAMON:

The Severed Paw. There's often trouble there.

DOCTOR:

Yes, but is it usually so bad as to cause a stampede?

DIAMON:

No. Perhaps we should see what's happening.

FX: CROSS TO DIRECTLY OUTSIDE TAVERN.

SHIRI:

(COUGHS LOUDLY, THEN UNINTELLIGIBLY PROCLAIMS: "We demand that you hand over the Storyteller at once. We have his friends – a flame-haired boy and a stinky old man.")

DIAMON:

(RUNNING UP, CLOSE BY) You! Dwarf! What's that you're saying?

DOCTOR:

(BESIDE HER) He's reading something out from a parchment.
(CALLS OUT) Excuse me! I could read that for you, if it'd help?

SHIRI:

(GRUNTS: "Be my guest.")

FX: HANDS OVER PARCHMENT.

DIAMON:

What does it say, Storyteller...?

DOCTOR:

Oh dear, it's a list of demands.

DIAMON:

Who is making demands? Who dares?

DOCTOR:

(PRECIS OF PARCHMENT) There are hostage-takers in the Severed Paw. They demand that the people of Vadhoc hand over the Storyteller at once. They have the Storyteller's friends – a flame-haired boy and a stinky old man. Oh no.

SHIRI:

(ADDS, UNINTELLIGIBLY: "... and we'll chop them both into tiny pieces if you don't.")

DOCTOR:

Yes, and they're going to chop them both into tiny pieces if we don't. (SIGHS) Turlough...!

SCENE 9: INT. THE SEVERED PAW

FX: ALITHA PACES HEAVILY AROUND HER SUPINE, WHIMPERING CAPTIVES. ZOUNDS GROWLING.

TURLOUGH:

Why do you want the Storyteller, anyway?

ALITHA:

Are you kidding? Look at us! What do you see?

TURLOUGH:

Where to begin...?

FX: SHIRI ENTERS IN B/G.

ALITHA:

Ne'er-do-wells! Villains! Monsters! Here comes Shiri – how hideous he is! A grumbling, shambolic mute and – oh, help! – what's that he's wielding? An axe! And look – a slaving hell-hound! Now look at me – a fiendish old hag! One glance from me and I can make your hair fall out and your nose drop off! Can't you picture me flying through the teeth of the night astride my broom, or some other handy household implement...?!

TURLOUGH:

Well, yes. Your point is...?

ALITHA:

The point is, they are lies! Lies told by storytellers!

GRAYLING:

Ah...!

ALITHA:

And because of those lies, we are shunned everywhere we go. Some life, eh?

SHIRI/ZOUNDS:

(GRUNT/WHIMPER IN AGREEMENT)

GRAYLING:

Do you really think that's down to what the Storyteller says?

ALITHA:

Are you answering back?

GRAYLING:

I'm simply trying to understand your position, young woman.

ALITHA:

Talk fancy, don't you, for a drunken old tramp?

GRAYLING:

But it's very interesting to me. You're saying that the stories are wrong about you?

TURLOUGH:

Grayling – is this a wise tack to take?

ALITHA:

Of course they've got the wrong idea about us!

GRAYLING:

So you're not nasty and unkind creatures, after all?

ALITHA:

(SCREECHING) We're perfectly nice and reasonable people actually!

GRAYLING:

Then – why are you keeping us hostage?

SCENE 10: EXT. SQUARE – OUTSIDE THE SEVERED PAW

DIAMON:

They're threatening to do horrid things to everyone in the tavern?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid so, yes.

GATHERED CROWD:

(REACTS WITH DISMAY)

DIAMON:

But I don't understand – why do they want the Storyteller?

FX: DOCTOR RATTLES PARCHMENT.

DOCTOR:

According to this, they are 'sick to the back teeth' of being defamed by his tales. Apparently all the good parts go to beautiful princesses and the like.

DIAMON:

Who are these awful people? They're spoiling everything! The people of Vadhoc have been so looking forward to your visit, Storyteller. – Haven't we, everyone?

CROWD:

(ASSENTS ENTHUSIASTICALLY)

DOCTOR:

I tell you, it isn't me...!

DIAMON:

It's dreadful. I can't let these people threaten my subjects. At the same time, I can't hand you over to them, either...

DOCTOR:

It's a dilemma, certainly. Luckily, I've had a little experience of kidnappings and sieges in the past...

DIAMON:

I won't let you get involved, Storyteller.

DOCTOR:

Nonsense! I've had to get myself out of some pretty dicey situations in my time. The Crisis of Gin-Seng, for example. And they were really very savage cat people. I needed my wits about me, that particular afternoon...

DIAMON:

Stay, Storyteller, and tell us all about it...

CROWD:

(INTRIGUED: "Yes, tell us!")

DOCTOR:

Then there was the business with the Royal Dynasties of the Eisenblatt system – that was a very tricky negotiation to handle. One branch of the family had a genetic glitch and they were living backwards through time, you see, so there were two sides of the family approaching the same century from either end, and that made Coronations and Abdications rather complicated...

DIAMON:

You have a talent for talking your way out of trouble, of that I've no doubt.

DOCTOR:

Come to think of it, once I had to sort out a galactic fracas with no words at all. My friend Jo had got herself into a dangerous situation involving a number of giant tortoises – it was all down to the Master, of course – and I had to lower myself into their pit on a three-mile long chain, and wink and blink for her release...

CROWD:

(OOHS AND AHS)

DOCTOR:

I've also met people who communicate only by emitting multi-coloured vapour. Now, that takes some skill to pick up!

CROWD:

(RESPECTFUL, AWED LAUGHTER)

DIAMON:

You truly are the Storyteller of legend, aren't you?

DOCTOR:

No, Diamon.

DIAMON:

Only the Storyteller himself could rattle off such extravagant nonsense with such panache...

DOCTOR:

Panache? – Do you really think so?

DIAMON:

Please, you must stay here, out of danger. And tell us more tales.

CROWD:

("Yes! Tell us more tales!")

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, but I can't. They've got Turlough in there, so I've got to save him and the others. Now excuse me... coming through...!

FX: HE PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH CROWD. CROSS TO:

SCENE 11: INT. THE SEVERED PAW

FX: TENSE QUIET — DISTURBED BY THE DOOR SQUEAKING OPEN AND THE DOCTOR STROLLING IN.

DOCTOR:

Hello, I'm the Doctor. I thought I'd give myself up.

ALITHA:

Is this him, Flame-hair?

TURLOUGH:

This is the Doctor, yes.

ALITHA:

Your friend claims that you are the infamous Storyteller!

DOCTOR:

Does he indeed?

TURLOUGH:

None of this is my fault, you know!

ALITHA:

Storyteller: you stand accused of spending your whole career spreading lies and disinformation about actual people. You make me sick, with your good and beautiful princesses, and your foul and truculent dwarves, and your hideous crones!

DOCTOR:

I used all those clichés, did I?

ALITHA:

In your silly, made-up, spiteful tales, which all and sundry always pay heed to...! Spiteful dragons and noble wizards! Pah!

TURLOUGH:

(TO DOCTOR) As you can see, they've got themselves quite worked up about it all.

SHIRI:

(UNINTELLIGIBLY: "Can you blame us?")

ZOUNDS:

(HOWLS)

DOCTOR:

Let's all keep calm, shall we?

TURLOUGH:

Calm?! You said it would be peaceful and idyllic here! But in fact, it's primitive and nasty and it smells. – Could you ask them if I might stand up now?

GRAYLING:

I'd like to stand up, too, please. Old bones.

DOCTOR:

Will you let them go – Alitha? That was how you signed the parchment.

ALITHA:

Only if you give yourself up to us, Storyteller. Only if you let us do with you what we will.

SHIRI/ZOUNDS:

(MENACING GROWLS)

DOCTOR:

Not a very attractive proposition, I have to say.

ALITHA:

Understand our plight, Storyteller. We don't want to be branded as wicked, just because of what we are. I'm not really a witch. I'm just a slightly nasty old woman. Shiri the dwarf – he's simply a small man with a speech impediment. And Zounds the Hell Hound is just a big dog.

DOCTOR:

Yes, yes, I appreciate how rumours start.

ALITHA:

Then you are prepared to face your punishment?

DOCTOR:

If it will save all these other people's lives – then, yes.

TURLOUGH:

That's very noble of you, Doctor, [but –]

GRAYLING:

No! No no no! I cannot allow it!

ALITHA:

That smelly old man – again! Look, who are you?

GRAYLING:

Just a harmless old traveller who hasn't visited these parts in many a long year. A traveller with a secret.

TURLOUGH:

Leave it to the Doctor, Grayling. He knows what he's doing...

ALITHA:

Doctor, You must make amends for the wrongs you have done. Otherwise my Hell-Hound will tear out your throat!

DOCTOR:

I thought you said he wasn't a Hell-Hound?

ZOUNDS:

(GROWLS)

GRAYLING:

I will not let that foolish man suffer in my place!

ALITHA:

Your place? What are you saying, foul-smelling cur?

GRAYLING:

This has all been very amusing. But now I must put a stop to this. (BEGINS TO TAKE OFF CLOAK)

ALITHA:

What!?

FX: MAGICAL FLUTING PULSE BEGINS — DENOTING ALIEN MIND CONTROL TECHNOLOGY. SOMETHING HYPNOTIC ABOUT IT.

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, under his cloak...

GRAYLING:

Do you like them? My magical Storyteller's robes? Look, I've got a special hat, as well!

ALITHA/SHIRI/ZOUNDS/OTHER HOSTAGES:

(CRIES OF WONDERMENT)

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, he appears to be emitting some colourful vapour. (BEAT) Oh... and now he's floating in mid-air.

DOCTOR:

I must admit, that is rather surprising.

ALITHA:

Storyteller! It is YOU!!

GRAYLING:

Yes, yes. And you are right – old hag. It is time that I made amends. Come with me, everyone. Drop your weapons, and your previously-held ideas. Follow me out into Talespinner Square, everybody... Come to hear my very last story of all...!

FX: FOLLOW HIS FLUTING HYPNOTIC TRAIL INTO...

SCENE 12: EXT. SQUARE – OUTSIDE SEVERED PAW [CONTINUOUS]

FX: FLUTING NOISE CONTINUES AS THE STORYTELLER EMERGES FROM THE TAVERN, FOLLOWED BY DOCTOR, HOSTAGES AND VILLAINS.

CROWD:

(DRAWS BACK, HUSHES)

GRAYLING:

Listen, folk of Vadhoc. I don't have very long. You are gathered here for a story, and I've had a request tonight for a very special tale...

ALITHA:

It better be good, old man!

GRAYLING:

You're all quite used to brave, strapping heroes and warriors and fulsome, winsome heroines...

CROWD:

(CHEERS, WOLF WHISTLES)

GRAYLING:

This tale, however, is about the marvellous adventures of a cranky old crone with extraordinary powers...

CROWD:

(BOOS)

GRAYLING:

Now, you must listen!

CROWD:

(HUSHES)

GRAYLING:

Some said she was evil to her innermost core, and that she never washed her hair and smelled of old root vegetables. But she wasn't. Underneath that scab-encrusted, filthy exterior there was a hag of great honour. She alone, out of everyone in the land, was brave enough to face the Infernal Flaming Spectres from the Catacombs of Utter Dreadfulness...

CROWD:

(OOHS AND AHS, ENRAPPED)

ALITHA:

Yes! He's right! That was me!

GRAYLING:

Except – she wasn't alone, was she? Oh, dear me, no. With her was her dear friend Shiri – a tiny, axe-wielding maniac with a heart of gold. Without that brave midget, our heroine would never have fought off the Moss Demons of the Sussurating Swamps! She'd never have traversed the endless barren plains that were the domain of the flesh-eating ogre, Desmond. For only this brilliant and actually quite sensitive fellow-of-restricted growth had possession of the ancient maps of his forebears, etched in purple ink all over his small and hairy body!

CROWD:

(CHEERS)

SHIRI:

(UNINTELLIGIBLY BLUSHING: "You guys...! Aw, shucks.")

ALITHA:

The wolf! Say something about Zounds the wolf!

GRAYLING:

Ah yes! How could you imagine I'd leave out the most courageous of our merry band of adventurers? Zounds was an amazing genius trapped inside the body of a slaving beastie! He'd been so transformed by a beautiful but thoroughly wicked princess many years before, who was jealous of how he so adored the scabby-fleshed sorceress Alitha!

ZOUNDS:

(HOWLS ECSTATICALLY)

GRAYLING:

But did you know, only the Ancient Moles of the Forbidden Valley knew the secrets of changing back his form?

GRAYLING:

Gather round, everyone... and hear the tale of the witch, the dwarf and the hell-hound, all of whom were terribly nice and brave...

CROWD:

(CHEERS)

CROSS TO:

SCENE 13: EXT. VADHOC TOWN OUTSKIRTS [CONTINUOUS]

FX: FROM OFF, THE CROWD CONTINUES TO REACT TO GRAYLING'S TALE-
SPINNING — LOTS OF OOHS AND AHS, CHEERS, LAUGHTER, TENSION,
HEARD SPORADICALLY AS DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH WALK OFF AND AWAY.

DIAMON:

(RUNNING AFTER THEM) Doctor! Er, Turlough! Please, wait!

FX: THEY STOP AS DIAMON ARRIVES.

DIAMON:

Where are you going?

DOCTOR:

Princess Diamon. It's time that Turlough and I were on our way.

TURLOUGH:

Long past time, I'd say.

DIAMON:

Please, Doctor. Won't you stay, and hear the end of the story?

DOCTOR:

I've never been all that keen on endings, if I'm honest. It's
new beginnings I like.

DIAMON:

But there doesn't have to be an end. Not yet, anyway. (COYLY)
Can't you think of a reason to stay?

DOCTOR:

(EMBARRASSED) Er...

DIAMON:

Think, Doctor. Is there nothing I can offer you...?

TURLOUGH:

No, there isn't. Goodbye.

DIAMON:

Oh!

DOCTOR:

It was a very great pleasure to meet you, Princess.

TURLOUGH:

(ALREADY WALKING OFF) Come along, Doctor...!

DIAMON:

(MEANING "IS THAT ALL?") "A very great pleasure".

DOCTOR:

Indeed. Goodbye!

FX: HE WALKS OFF AFTER TURLOUGH. FADE.

SCENE 14: **EXT. WOODS [LATER]**

FX: FADE UP. NIGHTTIME WOODLAND NOISES. DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH MAKE THEIR WAY UP SLOPE.

TURLOUGH:

Nipping off quite sharpish, aren't we?

DOCTOR:

Things to do, Turlough.

TURLOUGH:

(STOPPING) You don't fool me, Doctor. We're far enough from the village now. Admit it – you're making a quick getaway before you get found out.

DOCTOR:

I beg your pardon?

TURLOUGH:

You helped Frimlish out, obviously! There was that weird fluting noise; then all that colourful vapour... and as for the floating-on-air bit, I've no idea how you did that. A holographic projection, powered by some strange device from your pockets?

DOCTOR:

That all sounds terribly complicated. Are you sure we weren't all simply mesmerised by the power of his story-telling?

TURLOUGH:

Come off it, Doctor, it's me you're talking to. It was you. It must have been! You came up with some clever scheme to divert everyone's attention. (BEAT) What I don't understand is how the old man knew about it. He must have been in on it, or...

DOCTOR:

Or nothing, Turlough. It was all down to Grayling Frimlish himself. Just the power of his words.

TURLOUGH:

But I saw lights. I heard music...

DOCTOR:

He's famous all over this small, dark little world for his talents.

TURLOUGH:

You can't tell me it was magic. You don't believe in magic.

DOCTOR:

I believe that Grayling Frimlish is very old. He might even be the oldest person on this planet, at this point in history.

TURLOUGH:

You'll be saying he isn't human next.

DOCTOR:

What if I were to tell you that Grayling Frimlish was the last of a whole species of Storytellers, who fell into this world from another dimension a very long time ago?

TURLOUGH:

(SCEPTICAL) With weird, unknowable mesmeric powers, I suppose? Which they used to cast a spell over their audience?

DOCTOR:

Who thrived on the power of belief, hence their story-telling. But as humankind grew every more cynical and disbelieving, they began to die out. Round about now, quite probably.

TURLOUGH:

You're spinning me another yarn, aren't you?

DOCTOR:

Do you recall what he said, when we met him? How he was near the end of his travels, and his story, too? He might even have been the very last of his kind. In which case, we were very fortunate to meet him.

TURLOUGH:

Alright. Say I believe you. Why don't we go back for him?

DOCTOR:

Storytellers always need new adventures to tell. If he knew who I was, he'd have tried to steal my stories. I'm not immune to his mesmerism, Turlough. There are some things I daren't risk revealing.

TURLOUGH:

Probably too outlandish even for him.

DOCTOR:

Quite.

FX: A WOLF HOWLS DISTANTLY.

TURLOUGH:

That wasn't a real wolf, was it?

DOCTOR:

In medieval Europe? Almost certainly.

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, it's getting dark.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Let's get back to the TARDIS, shall we?

FX: THEY RUSH OFF, UP THE HILL.

THE END



Repeat Offender by Eddie Robson

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON
Time traveller.

TURLOUGH: MARK STRICKSON
Time traveller's companion.

LARA JENSEN:
Low-status systems engineer in her 20s.

INSPECTOR JILL SVEINSDÓTTIR:
Law enforcement officer.

ALSO: **INGI** (SIRI-LIKE PHONE VOICE).

DIRECTOR: BARNABY EDWARDS
SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES
PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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INT. APARTMENT

FX: THE LIVING ROOM OF A FLAT LARA JENSEN SHARES WITH KAT GUNNARSDOTTIR, IN REKJAVIK IN THE YEAR 2144. IT'S SMALL — THERE ARE ONLY THREE ROOMS, AND THE LIVING ROOM ALSO CONTAINS THE KITCHEN. WE HEAR A LOUD 'ZAP' NOISE, WHICH THEN FADES DOWN.

DOCTOR:

Turlough? Are you all right?

TURLOUGH:

I think so.

DOCTOR:

Good.

TURLOUGH:

Is it gone, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Yes — the Shroud was dissipated. Can't survive outside its host.

TURLOUGH:

Finally. Shouldn't we get out of here?

DOCTOR:

Yes, let's —

FX: THE NOISE OF THE OVERCROWDED CITY BEYOND CAN BE HEARD AS THE DOOR SLIDES BACK AND LARA ENTERS.

LARA:

Good grief, Kat, what on Earth have you been cooking —
(SHRIEKS)

DOCTOR:

Ah. Please keep calm.

LARA:

What are you doing in my apartment?

TURLOUGH:

She isn't keeping calm, Doctor.

LARA:

And what — what have you done to Kat?

DOCTOR:

These things are relative, Turlough. In the circumstances, she's fairly calm.

LARA:

Who are you?

DOCTOR:

This is Turlough –

TURLOUGH:

You didn't have to tell her.

DOCTOR:

And I'm the Doctor.

TURLOUGH:

And your name's Lara, isn't it?

LARA:

How do you [know –]

DOCTOR:

We won't hurt you.

LARA:

Is... is she dead?

DOCTOR:

Your friend?

LARA:

My wife.

DOCTOR:

Sorry. No, no, she's just unconscious.

LARA:

What did you do to her?

TURLOUGH:

Nothing.

DOCTOR:

Well, not nothing.

TURLOUGH:

I think there are times when it would be better if I did the talking, don't you?

LARA:

I'm calling the police.

TURLOUGH:

I know how this must seem, but [there –]

FX: TURLOUGH TAKES A STEP TOWARDS LARA. SHE RAISES A PEPPER SPRAY TYPE WEAPON.

LARA:

Stay back!

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, what's she pointing at me?

DOCTOR:

A chemical spray. Causes temporary blindness and vomiting, and also dyes your skin orange.

TURLOUGH:

Ah.

LARA:

Ingi?

FX: AN AUTOMATED SYSTEM RESPONDS TO HER VOICE WITH A BLEEP.

INGI:

Yes, Lara.

LARA:

Call the police, tell them we've got intruders.

INGI:

Yes, Lara.

FX: INGI BLEEPS OFF.

DOCTOR:

Please – we came here to help.

LARA:

Help yourselves to our stuff, yeah.

DOCTOR:

Had she been acting oddly over the last couple of days? Your wife?

LARA:

(BEAT) None of your business.

DOCTOR:

She had, hadn't she?

LARA:

She's been unemployed for a while – it gets to her sometimes, sitting around here all day with [no –]

TURLOUGH:

Her mind had been taken over.

LARA:

I don't understand.

DOCTOR:

A creature that calls itself the Bratanian Shroud. It entered your world via a rift to another dimension – they open up from time to time, but it's rare that anything survives the journey due to differing physical laws from one dimension to [another-]

LARA:

I'm hoping you're just making this up to put me off, because I really don't want to be dealing with two lunatics.

TURLOUGH:

Yes, we get that a lot, but it's all true, I promise you.

DOCTOR:

The Shroud is a creature that lives inside the electrical impulses of the mind, and it seems to have survived inside Kat. But we were its real target. It lured us here with a false distress call and tried to kill us. But there's nothing to worry about now –

LARA:

Oh good.

DOCTOR:

(BRANDISHING DEVICE) Yes, I adapted this hand-held media device to operate as a wave disruptor, and [banished –]

LARA:

Is that what I can smell? The mediascreen?

TURLOUGH:

Yes.

LARA:

Is it broken?

DOCTOR:

No, it's still functioning as a wave disruptor... but I have burnt out the display unit, so... yes. Sorry.

LARA:

Who are you people?

TURLOUGH:

I'll leave that question to my colleague here.

FX: TURLOUGH STARTS WALKING AWAY.

LARA:

Wait – where are you going?

TURLOUGH:

To the lavatory, if that's allowed. I mean, there is only one way in and out of this flat, isn't there?

LARA:

(BEAT) Yes.

TURLOUGH:

(OFF) There you are then.

FX: TURLOUGH LEAVES THE ROOM, AND WE HEAR A BATHROOM DOOR SLIDE CLOSED.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry about the damage, but I assure you, Kat's life was in danger and we had to do something.

LARA:

Even if this is all somehow true, the police still need to know about it.

DOCTOR:

That's understandable. When they arrive, I'm sure I can convince them we had the best intentions and pose no threat to you whatsoever.

FX: SMALL EXPLOSION IN THE BATHROOM.

LARA:

What on Earth –

DOCTOR:

(CALLS) Turlough? What are [you –]

LARA:

Stay where I can see you! What's he doing?

DOCTOR:

I was about to ask him that. Please, if you let me open the door – I just want to see what's happened.

LARA:

I let him go and he blows up my bathroom!

DOCTOR:

He may have injured himself.

LARA:

(BEAT) If you do anything other than open the door, you're getting a faceful of chem-spray.

DOCTOR:

Agreed. Now...

FX: DOCTOR MOVES OVER TO THE DOOR, OPENS IT — AND SMOKE POURS OUT.

DOCTOR:

(COUGHS)

LARA:

(COUGHS) What the hell has he —

DOCTOR:

He's gone.

LARA:

There's a hole in my wall!

DOCTOR:

I really am very sorry about this.

LARA:

What's he done?

DOCTOR:

I asked him to hold one of my tools when I was making some adjustments to your mediascreen, and...

LARA:

What sort of tool?

DOCTOR:

A laser cutter. I usually use the fine-tip end. He must have used the other end.

LARA:

He must have jumped down to the balcony of the flat below.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Risky manoeuvre when we're fourteen storeys up.

LARA:

Don't you dare follow him.

DOCTOR:

Nothing was further from my mind. Believe me, I'm not going [anywhere —]

FX: THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND INSPECTOR JILL SVEINSDÓTTIR ENTERS.

JILL:
(AT DOOR) Nobody move!

DOCTOR:
Nobody is.

JILL:
Put down your weapon, please.

DOCTOR:
I haven't got one.

JILL:
I meant her.

LARA:
Me?

JILL:
Yes, you with the canister of chem-spray!

LARA:
I live here! It was me who called you!

JILL:
Regardless, please put it down.

LARA:
Fine.

FX: LARA PUTS THE SPRAY DOWN.

JILL:
And you – put down the mediascreen.

DOCTOR:
All right.

FX: DOCTOR DOES SO.

JILL:
That's better. Now –

LARA:
Is there only one of you?

DOCTOR:
I was just thinking that.

JILL:

I was in the area. There's other officers following. A lot of us are tied up with a drug bust that's gone a bit messy three blocks west.

DOCTOR:

Could we see your credentials please?

LARA:

Why?

DOCTOR:

She could be anybody. She might even be my accomplice.

JILL:

Quiet!

LARA:

You mean, she turns up alone, arrests you, leads you away, then lets you go?

JILL:

Obviously not, if that was the plan he wouldn't have just told you it.

LARA:

I want to see your ID.

JILL:

Fine. (TO SYSTEM) Display holo-badge.

FX: BLEEP. HUM AS THE SYSTEMS EMBEDDED IN JILL'S UNIFORM DISPLAY A HOLOGRAPHIC BADGE.

DOCTOR:

Ah! Wearable tech, very good. (READS) "Inspector Jill Sveinsdottir." [PRONOUNCIATION: Sveyns-dot-ear] You're a bit high-ranking to be out on the beat, aren't you?

JILL:

I was on my way home. (TO SYSTEM) Forensic sweep and model.

FX: BLEEP.

JILL:

Right - I've verified your identity -

LARA:

Good.

JILL:

You are Lara Jensen, this is your registered place of residence, you're a systems engineer and you've lived in Reykjavik since '37.

LARA:

Thank you.

JILL:

(TO DOCTOR) Whereas you... are entirely unregistered.

DOCTOR:

I know.

JILL:

Which is in itself a Category Five offence, punishable by two years' imprisonment.

DOCTOR:

Ah, you see, Jill -

JILL:

Kindly address me by my title.

DOCTOR:

Sorry, Inspector Jill - I do have temporary papers [which -]

JILL:

There's no such thing.

DOCTOR:

Well, whatever you call them here - I can verify my identity, if you escort me to the blue box in the park opposite this [building -]

JILL:

What's your name?

DOCTOR:

Doctor John Smith.

FX: JILL OPERATES SOME CONTROLS ON HER UNIFORM.

JILL:

Do you want to use holographic legal representation, or will you represent yourself, Dr Smith?

DOCTOR:

You haven't even arrested me yet.

JILL:

Answer the question, please.

DOCTOR:

I'll represent myself if it comes to that, [but -]

JILL:

Fine. You're under arrest and court is now in session.

DOCTOR:

Don't I even get a phone call?

JILL:

What century are you from? (TO LARA) Ms Jensen, what charges are you bringing against Dr Smith?

LARA:

He and his friend broke into my apartment, knocked my wife unconscious and destroyed my mediascreen and then my wall.

JILL:

Where's this friend now?

LARA:

He went through the hole in the wall.

JILL:

Dr Smith, you're accused of breaking and entering, assault and destroying private property, how do you plead?

DOCTOR:

Well. Not... exactly guilty -

JILL:

How do you plead?

DOCTOR:

I want to explain -

JILL:

Then you'd better go with "not guilty".

DOCTOR:

All right.

JILL:

Of course, that will mean a stiffer sentence if you are convicted.

DOCTOR:

I'd like to speak to your superior.

JILL:

Oh, you do? I've seen your sort before. Think you're above the rest of us. Think if you get to see someone in authority, you can talk their language, smooth it all out. Well you can't, you're dealing with me.

DOCTOR:

So I'm to be tried on the spot? Is this really how it works here?

JILL:

It's quicker and more efficient.

DOCTOR:

It's a travesty.

JILL:

Perhaps you should have done a bit of checking before you decided to enter the country illegally.

DOCTOR:

I did not!

JILL:

If you passed through border control we'd have your DNA on file – are you telling me you did?

DOCTOR:

(BEAT) Well, no.

LARA:

Is this why you came here? You were going to take over our home, weren't you?

DOCTOR:

No!

JILL:

We deal with a lot of your sort. Other countries getting hotter, drier, harder to live in – you know this city's population is a hundred times what it was a century ago? We can't take more of you.

DOCTOR:

I've told you, I only came here to help.

JILL:

What do you mean, 'help'?

LARA:

He claims he was dealing with a... creature –

JILL:

Let the defendant answer in his own words, please.

LARA:

Sorry.

DOCTOR:

Her wife's body was possessed by a Bratanian Shroud.

LARA:

It's complete nonsense.

JILL:

That's for me to decide, Ms Jensen. I don't want to have to hold you in contempt of court.

LARA:

Who's on trial here?

JILL:

Both of you, ma'am, if you don't respect the process. Now, the case for the prosecution – let the record show that the evidence supporting the charges of damage is present at the scene, and the forensic sweep confirms that one other unregistered person was here. Ms Jensen, if I may have access to your wife's perception feed?

LARA:

Of course. She'll have seen everything.

FX: JILL OPERATES CONTROLS ON WALL – BIP-BIP-BIP – MAKES CONTACT WITH KAT'S OWN SYSTEMS.

JILL:

Yep, got it.

DOCTOR:

(PUZZLED) How? (REALISATION) Ah! Perception feed. Straight to the retina, I presume.

JILL:

(SEEING FEED) I must inform you, Dr Smith, that the victim's own feed clearly shows you threatening her and then attacking her with some variety of stun weapon.

DOCTOR:

What? I want to see that.

JILL:

I can project it for you.

FX: BIP. JILL PROJECTS A DISPLAY OF FOOTAGE, ON WHICH THE DOCTOR SAYS:

DOCTOR:

(D) Keep still or I'll use something stronger than the stun setting.

DOCTOR:

It's been tampered with.

JILL:

You reckon? Faking perception footage in this way is a lengthy and painstaking process – you're saying someone did this in a few minutes?

FX: JILL'S CHECKING SOMETHING ON HER SYSTEM.

DOCTOR:

Or it was done before I got here.

JILL:

(TO HERSELF) Well I never –

LARA:

What is it?

JILL:

I've just been cross-referencing – this is the third such incident in this block in the past five weeks. Flat broken into, mediascreen broken, occupant knocked unconscious.

DOCTOR:

I don't know what you're talking about.

JILL:

The previous two occasions, a body was found in the doorway – apparently someone disturbed the culprit and he killed them.

LARA:

Oh my goodness.

DOCTOR:

'Apparently'? You mean you don't have it on camera?

JILL:

No, the footage was tampered with. Nobody was seen in or leaving the apartment –

LARA:

That could've been me. Dead on the floor.

JILL:

The victims all suffered amnesia, probable result of the weapon used, so we've been unable to charge anyone.

DOCTOR:

I know nothing about this.

JILL:

The pattern is clear – even down to the damage to property in the apartment.

DOCTOR:

I've been set up.

JILL:

You'd better work out who did it and why pretty fast, because under the three-strikes system, this carries a sentence of thirty years' servitude on the lunar colony.

LARA:

And his friend?

JILL:

We'll find him. Of course, if you can supply any information leading to his arrest, we may consider reducing your sentence.

LARA:

What if they did all those other murders, too?

JILL:

You'll have to be more specific, love.

LARA:

We had people telling us to check the security on our percep systems, change passwords and that, to do with some deaths in the block – there was something about tampered footage there too.

JILL:

I'll cross-reference a bit wider.

FX: JILL OPERATES MORE CONTROLS.

JILL:

If you want any other crimes to be taken into account, you should say so before this search comes back.

DOCTOR:

No.

FX: JILL'S SYSTEM BRINGS UP A RESULT.

JILL:

Should've said yes.

LARA:

You've found it?

JILL:

Yep. Eight deaths that we know of, two in this block, the rest in neighbouring blocks, all involving tampered percep footage, the tampering done in the exact same way. This is going to close a lot of cases.

DOCTOR:

No!

JILL:

Yes – you say this footage of you striking her was tampered with, but no – it's the other way round. You didn't get time to remove yourself!

DOCTOR:

I know nothing about any of these crimes.

JILL:

Of course not.

DOCTOR:

But I'd like to. I might be able to help.

JILL:

Oh, you're not one of those creeps who follows us around, saying you can help, getting in the way, and then one day you get fed up of being ignored and you figure the way to get our attention is [to –]

DOCTOR:

No, no, no!

LARA:

What a weirdo.

DOCTOR:

I don't care what you think of me but I do want to know more about these murders. Tell me.

JILL:

All right... in all cases, clearly murder, signs of a struggle and so on. Victims' personal percep was checked, and the assailant just isn't there. Just a gap where he should be. No forensic.

DOCTOR:

And no witnesses?

JILL:

We did have witnesses in three of the cases, but they were found to be unreliable.

DOCTOR:

All of them?

JILL:

Their own percep records didn't match with their testimony.

DOCTOR:

And that was enough for it to be declared unreliable?

LARA:

(LAUGHS) Well, yeah.

DOCTOR:

You trust digital images over a human being's account of what they saw with their own eyes?

JILL:

Over what they say they saw.

DOCTOR:

What did they say?

JILL:

Erm...

FX: JILL CHECKS MORE FACTS.

JILL:

They identified friends and family members as the killers. The accused said they didn't remember anything about the incidents.

DOCTOR:

And that's enough for you to drop a murder investigation?

JILL:

Enough for us to leave it open. Anyone might have a hundred reasons to lie.

LARA:

And you do know organic memory is rarely more than twenty-three-per-cent reliable?

JILL:

Whereas an objective recording –

DOCTOR:

Can be tampered with, as this very case demonstrates.

JILL:

Very rarely, and we always know when it's been tampered with, and once you've told us how you did it –

DOCTOR:

I can't tell you, because it wasn't me.

JILL:

We can make life pretty unpleasant for you on the colony until you do tell us. And then we'll adjust our security and nobody will ever be able use that particular trick again.

DOCTOR:

Listen. The Shroud must have done it.

JILL:

The what?

LARA:

The creature he said was in Kat.

DOCTOR:

It tried to kill me and clearly it's tried to kill before. I'm.. not entirely clear on why it's been destroying mediascreens, but –

FX: A PIECE OF MUSIC PLAYS ON LARA'S PERSONAL SYSTEM.

JILL:

Is that you?

LARA:

Yes – sorry, do you mind if I get this?

DOCTOR:

No, be my guest.

JILL:

Hold on –

FX: LARA ANSWERS THE CALL.

LARA:

Hello?

TURLOUGH:

(D) I need to speak to the Doctor.

LARA:

Who is this?

TURLOUGH:

(D) He is still there?

LARA:

You're the one who blew a hole in my wall.

DOCTOR:

Is that Turlough?

TURLOUGH:

(D) Yes - I'm sorry about that, but this is rather -

LARA:

How did you get my contact?

TURLOUGH:

You are quite lax about your personal security. Could I speak to the Doctor?

LARA:

I'm putting you on hold.

FX: LARA HITS A CONTROL.

LARA:

It's his accomplice. Can you trace him?

JILL:

Oh yeah, I've got root access to all the data flow in the city. Keep him talking. And you -

DOCTOR:

Yes?

JILL:

Do not warn him he's being traced, or you can be [sure -]

DOCTOR:

You'll make things very unpleasant for me, yes, I understand.

LARA:

Right.

FX: LARA HITS THE CONTROL AGAIN.

LARA:

Turlough?

TURLOUGH:

(D) Yes, I haven't gone anywhere.

LARA:

I'm putting you on speaker now.

FX: LARA HITS ANOTHER CONTROL. TURLOUGH'S VOICE GETS LOUDER.

TURLOUGH:

(D) Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Turlough, hello. They're trying to trace you.

JILL:

I warned you!

DOCTOR:

Yes, but you also thought I cared more about my own comfort than I do about helping my friend avoid the absurd parody of justice you operate in this city.

TURLOUGH:

(D) Oh, obviously they're trying to trace me, never mind that – there's something important I need to tell you.

DOCTOR:

Well hurry up then.

TURLOUGH:

(D) I tried to get back to the TARDIS, and I used that TARDIS tracker you gave me –

DOCTOR:

Yes, yes –

TURLOUGH:

(D) And it pointed in three directions at once. I assumed it was just faulty –

DOCTOR:

I built it myself.

TURLOUGH:

(D) Exactly. But it's led me to three different TARDISES.

DOCTOR:

What?

TURLOUGH:

(D) They're all parked within about a hundred metres of each other, around this block.

DOCTOR:

(BEAT) Oh my word...

TURLOUGH:

(D) So what I'm asking is, does this mean there's another you here and if so, where could I find him?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. I've never been here before.

TURLOUGH:

(D) So... you must come here again in your future. Twice.

DOCTOR:

Turlough – this is important. Go back to the TARDIS.

TURLOUGH:

(D) Which one?

DOCTOR:

Any! This is more serious than I thought. Wait for me there!

TURLOUGH:

(D) Right.

FX: TURLOUGH RINGS OFF.

LARA:

Did you trace him?

JILL:

Not quite.

DOCTOR:

He's a clever fellow.

JILL:

You said 'Wait for me there' like you were going to pop down and meet him. You're going to prison.

DOCTOR:

Sentence hasn't been passed yet and I'm not done making the case for my defence. Now. The flats you found that were exactly like this one – you said someone was found dead outside?

JILL:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

Show me the victims.

JILL:

OK. Here's one -

FX: JILL OPERATES A CONTROL.

DOCTOR:

Oh no.

JILL:

And also -

FX: JILL OPERATES THE CONTROL AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

No. No...

LARA:

You know them?

DOCTOR:

These victims - were they also unregistered persons?

JILL:

Yeah.

DOCTOR:

And did the autopsy reveal inexplicable aspects of their physiognomy, such as two hearts?

JILL:

How'd [you -]

DOCTOR:

Because I'm fairly sure they're me.

LARA:

(LAUGHS)

DOCTOR:

I'm serious. I travel in time and I change my appearance and I believe those are both future versions of me.

JILL:

OK, contempt of court.

DOCTOR:

It's the truth.

JILL:

Even if I accept that - you're telling me in your future you will travel back to before now -

DOCTOR:

Yes.

JILL:

And be murdered.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

JILL:

Twice.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

JILL:

That's impossible.

DOCTOR:

Yes. It's a paradox. Remember, I said I was responding to a distress call. The Shroud has killed me once and decided it wants to do it again, so it's drawn an earlier version of me here to do it again. And clearly it was going to do it again – but you interrupted.

LARA:

Me?

DOCTOR:

It's possible I owe you my life. If so, thank you.

LARA:

You're... welcome?

DOCTOR:

But the other rooms, the fact they were exactly like this one – the mediascreens modified. That means my future selves did exactly the same thing as I did here... and were killed the moment they stepped outside the flat.

JILL:

OK, you're rambling now. I'm declaring this testimony irrelevant.

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) It's still alive.

JILL:

Do you have anything else to say before I pass sentence?

DOCTOR:

It's still alive, it's still here! What does it want?

LARA:

Could you get this guy out of my flat please?

DOCTOR:

Yes, it wants that – the other mes were killed as soon as they went outside. And they didn't regenerate. The Shroud got inside me, drained the artron energy. But right now, the mediascreen is still operating as a disruptor field. The range of it extends roughly up to the sofa, so if I stay here I'm safe. But how did it survive...?

JILL:

Dr Smith, the verdict of this court [is –]

DOCTOR:

Jill, do you want more people to die?

JILL:

(BEAT) That's a strange question. No, of course I don't.
(IRRITATION) Could you address me by my rank, please?

DOCTOR:

If you send me to prison for this, more people will die. In exactly the same way the others died – no evidence left behind. Confidence in you and your system will plummet.

JILL:

Are you threatening me?

DOCTOR:

I'm warning you. Give me a few more minutes. I'll work it out.

LARA:

He's trying to pull some kind of –

JILL:

Don't tell me my job, Ma'am. (TO DOCTOR) All right. Work it out then.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. It must have committed the other murders by taking possession of other bodies, like it did here – but why cover up when it could just frame the people it's taken over?

JILL:

It... might want to keep us looking in the wrong place for answers.

DOCTOR:

Maybe.

LARA:

You're not taking him seriously, are you?

JILL:

Quiet.

DOCTOR:

Or... does it want to leave you all not knowing? We've already seen that you people no longer trust your own memories – what happens if you no longer trust the systems you rely on to support them?

LARA:

I don't know, what happens?

DOCTOR:

That becomes a world where you can start to manipulate the past. And if the Shift is collecting artron energy... it wants to change the past.

JILL:

I don't understand half of this.

DOCTOR:

Fair enough, it is rather abstract.

JILL:

You're going to have to show me something that proves there's more to this.

DOCTOR:

I can, I think. Lara?

LARA:

What?

DOCTOR:

Could you come and stand here please? Next to your mediascreen?

LARA:

Why?

DOCTOR:

It's necessary for my defence. You can't refuse a reasonable request like that in a courtroom.

LARA:

But I'm the victim here.

JILL:

I'm afraid, Ma'am, I must compel you to do as he asks –

LARA:

I don't want to.

JILL:

— or I will have to use force.

LARA:

I'm going to make a complaint about this.

FX: JILL STEPS FORWARD, TAKES LARA'S ARM.

JILL:

Ma'am —

LARA:

Get off me!

FX: JILL PULLS LARA TOWARDS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.

JILL:

Don't resist, please, just step over here and [we'll —]

LARA:

(CRY OF PAIN)

FX: LARA FALLS HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR.

DOCTOR:

As I thought.

JILL:

What happened to her?

DOCTOR:

You brought her within range of the disruption field I created. The Shroud was in her head. Probably entered shortly after she walked through the door.

FX: JILL STARTS TO WALK AWAY.

JILL:

Then I need [to —]

DOCTOR:

No! It's still here, it could get inside anyone. If you stay within the field I can still trust you.

JILL:

How do I know this isn't something you're doing?

DOCTOR:

You don't. (MUSES) How is it surviving? What have I missed?

FX: CHIME AT DOOR.

JILL:

That'll be the back-up. Finally. – (CALLS) It's open!

DOCTOR:

Jill, listen –

FX: DOOR SLIDES BACK TO REVEAL TURLOUGH.

TURLOUGH:

Oh good, you're still here.

JILL:

I'm armed.

TURLOUGH:

I can see that.

DOCTOR:

Turlough – I told you to go back to the TARDIS.

JILL:

This is your accomplice?

DOCTOR:

For want of a better word, yes.

JILL:

What are you doing here?

TURLOUGH:

Giving myself up.

DOCTOR:

No –

TURLOUGH:

Face it, Doctor, they were going to catch up with us eventually.

DOCTOR:

I'd almost convinced her! About the Shroud –

JILL:

I wouldn't say I was 'almost convinced' –

TURLOUGH:

Come on, let's drop the ridiculous cover story.

DOCTOR:

What are you doing?

TURLOUGH:

The sensible thing.

JILL:

You're pleading guilty?

TURLOUGH:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

Don't listen to him.

JILL:

Oh, I always enjoy the part where they turn on each other.

DOCTOR:

That's not Turlough. The Shroud has got inside him.

JILL:

I'm taking both of you in.

DOCTOR:

No! We have to stay inside the field –

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, I think we should come quietly.

DOCTOR:

How did you survive the dissolution? Creatures like you can only survive in the information flows of a living brain, or –
Of course.

JILL:

What?

DOCTOR:

I've been a fool. Wireless data transfer. This city is an enormous sea of data – like a giant gestalt brain. The Shift can use it to get anywhere it wants, hopping from body to body – it went into Lara, now it's in Turlough.

TURLOUGH:

He comes out with this stuff all the time.

DOCTOR:

You've made a mistake, you know.

TURLOUGH:

Have I?

DOCTOR:

By getting greedy and bringing me back to kill me again, you've given me a chance to learn. So now, when I leave here, and I meet you again – your past, my future – I'll know how to beat you.

JILL:

This has all gone too weird for me.

DOCTOR:

Jill –

JILL:

No. I'm not listening to any more.

DOCTOR:

You said you had root access to the city's data flow. Can you turn it off?

JILL:

What?

DOCTOR:

The whole city. Can you do it?

JILL:

Yes, but –

TURLOUGH:

You'd get in an awful lot of trouble, wouldn't you?

JILL:

It's an essential service – I'm only authorised to shut it down if the security of the city is threatened.

DOCTOR:

It is!

TURLOUGH:

Or perhaps that's what he wants you to think. Perhaps that's the next stage of his plan.

DOCTOR:

No – this creature is spreading fear, and unease, and leaving a trail of death behind it – but if you do as I say, I can stop it before it starts. Instead of punishing the wrong man, you can let me come back and stop all of this from ever happening!

FX: A PAUSE. THEN JILL OPERATES A CONTROL.

JILL:

(BEAT) Emergency access protocol fifteen two stroke diamond.

TURLOUGH:

No!

FX: JILL'S SYSTEM ACCEPTS THE COMMAND. A LOW BACKGROUND BUZZ IN THE BUILDING SUDDENLY GOES QUIET.

DOCTOR:

Quickly, Jill – help me pull Turlough inside the disruptor field!

TURLOUGH:

What? (GRABBED; STRUGGLING) No! No!

FX: DOCTOR AND JILL GRAB TURLOUGH AND PULL HIM TO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.

TURLOUGH:

No...!!!

FX: TURLOUGH FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

DOCTOR:

Thank you.

JILL:

So... that thing was in him?

DOCTOR:

Evidently, yes.

JILL:

Has it gone?

DOCTOR:

Yes. With the data flow switched off, it's like a fish out of water. I'd leave it half an hour before you turn it back on, though. Just in case.

JILL:

No choice. Once that protocol is activated, it needs special authorisation to turn everything back on. It'll take hours. How am I going to explain this?

DOCTOR:

Tell the truth.

JILL:

And you'll back me up?

DOCTOR:

Ah... I think Turlough and I should leave.

JILL:

Wait – I need you to give evidence.

DOCTOR:

And what if they don't believe you, and your inflexible system puts me in prison?

JILL:

I'm sorry, [but –]

DOCTOR:

Jill, when I leave here, I'll take with me the knowledge that will enable me to stop the Shroud at the first encounter. History will change. All this will never happen. Sorry.

JILL:

Why are you sorry?

DOCTOR:

Seems terribly unfair, that's all. You saved a lot of lives just now. You should be proud.

JILL:

Pride doesn't matter. Getting the job done does. (BEAT) All right, go on.

DOCTOR:

Thank you.

JILL:

Quick, before I change my mind.

DOCTOR:

Your mind will change, I'm afraid. When I arrive in the past, everything will happen differently and you'll never be called out to deal with this.

JILL:

That's good, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

Sort of, yes – but things need to change in this city. Ever had deja vu?

JILL:

Sometimes.

DOCTOR:

That's what happens when a memory from a redundant timeline coincides with the real one. Like an echo of something that never happened coming back to you. — Turlough?

FX: DOCTOR SHAKES TURLOUGH.

TURLOUGH:

Mnmh?

DOCTOR:

We need to leave. Get on your feet.

FX: DOCTOR HOISTS TURLOUGH UP, STARTS MOVING TO THE DOOR.

DOCTOR:

(TO JILL) When I've fixed all this, I'll come back and remind you of what you did here, what you're capable of. Hopefully you'll remember. And maybe you can make a difference.

JILL:

How can I? I'm only one person.

DOCTOR:

I think you'd be surprised, Jill.

FX: DOCTOR LEAVES WITH TURLOUGH. DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM.

THE END



The Becoming by Ian Potter

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON

Time traveller.

TURLOUGH: MARK STRICKSON

Time traveller's companion.

WAYWALKER:

(F, young) An alien girl approaching adulthood.

ELDER:

(M/F, old) Frail alien chief.

AUTUMN VOICE:

(F, mature) An ancestral spirit in the girl's mind.

SPRING VOICE:

(M, mature) An ancestral spirit in the girl's mind.

ALSO: HUNGERERS [ape-like predators, growling and snarling];
VILLAGERS.

DIRECTOR: BARNABY EDWARDS

SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES

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EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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SCENE 1: EXT. MOUNTAIN – SCREE SLOPE

FX: THIN WINDS. WAYWALKER LABOURS UP A SLOPE, SCATTERING THIN DEBRIS BEHIND.

WAYWALKER:

(HALTS) Which way?

FX: WHISPERING VOICES SWIRL IN HER HEAD. NB: AUTUMN AND SPRING VOICES ARE ONLY **EVER** HEARD FROM WAYWALKER'S POV.

AUTUMN VOICE:

See the mountain as it has been.

SPRING VOICE:

Find the path from its trails.

FX: WITH THE VOICES, GHOSTLY HINTS OF OTHER TIMES: BEES BUZZING, A WHIRL OF DRY LEAVES.

AUTUMN AND SPRING VOICES:

The way will show itself.

WAYWALKER:

(SEES PATH) I see it! There!

FX: WAYWALKER WALKS ON. CROSS TO:

SCENE 2: EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK

FX: STRONG WINDS. TARDIS ARRIVES. DOOR OPENS. DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH STEP OUT.

TURLOUGH:

So where are we now, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

We've landed on a world in a totally unmapped section of the Pandana system!

TURLOUGH:

And I suppose you want to be first to explore it?

DOCTOR:

Well, it'd be rude not to, wouldn't it? Just a quick recce, stretch our legs, get the lie of the land.

TURLOUGH:

The lie of the land is mountainous, icy and barren.

FX: TURLOUGH SHUTS TARDIS DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Up here, Turlough, yes, but look down into the valley!

TURLOUGH:

What about it?

FX: TURLOUGH JOINS DOCTOR.

DOCTOR:

Careful, it's a bit treacherous underfoot. – There. Cultivated land, see? Fencing, irrigation channels, some kind of crop plant. An intelligent agrarian society.

TURLOUGH:

They've the intelligence not to come up here, anyway.

DOCTOR:

Yes, perhaps some shelter from this wind might be wise. Let's get down below the tree line, shall we?

TURLOUGH:

If you can call those scrubby things trees.

DOCTOR:

Yes, We may have picked the wrong season to come calling! Rather erratic sun in this system. Must make it hard for anything to thrive up here.

FX: HE STARTS DOWN, FOLLOWED BY TURLOUGH.

DOCTOR:

We'll take this way down, I think..

FX: PERSPECTIVE CHANGE. IN F/G, TWIGS AND FOLIAGE SHAKE AS WE OVERHEAR THE DIALOGUE FROM DISTANCE.

HUNGERER:

(WATCHING — SNORTS, GROWLS SOFTLY)

DOCTOR:

(DESCENDING) There's a few dried-out roots about here. Not quite enough to keep a top soil together, but they should shore up our path.

HUNGERER:

(HOWLS)

CROSS DIRECTLY TO:

SCENE 3: EXT. MOUNTAIN – DESCENDING FROM PEAK [CONTINUOUS]

FX: TURLOUGH AND DOCTOR EDGING DOWNWARDS. THE ECHOING HOWL HALTS THEM.

TURLOUGH:

I don't like the sound of that, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

No. Still, whatever it is, it probably wouldn't like the sound of us either.

TURLOUGH:

All the same...

DOCTOR:

Yes, best steer a course away.

FX: SCRUNCH OF STONES AS HE TURNS.

TURLOUGH:

You mean closer to that sheer drop?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

TURLOUGH:

And what if that's what that thing wants us to do?

DOCTOR:

Then I expect we'll have cheered it up no end. Come on.

FX: THEY HEAD DOWN IN A NEW DIRECTION.

SCENE 4: EXT. MOUNTAIN – CLIFF EDGE

FX: A WINDY DROP, LOW CREAK OF TREE SHIFTING ABOVE. WAYWALKER APPROACHES THROUGH DRY GRASSES.

WAYWALKER:

(RELIEVED) The ambrichor tree! (NOTICES) But I can't see any nests.

AUTUMN VOICE:

Among the sky roots. Above the fall. They will be there.

SPRING VOICE:

They are always there.

FX: OTHER DAYS IN WAYWALKER'S MIND: RAIN, A TRICKLING STREAM; LONG GRASSES BLOWING IN THE WIND.

AUTUMN VOICE:

Fewer or more, they wax and wane as all does. Look for their shine.

WAYWALKER:

But the sun's so small. It's not like it was.

SPRING VOICE:

Look for the light.

AUTUMN VOICE:

Find its glow.

FX: EFFECTS SNAP OFF.

WAYWALKER:

(GASPS) I can see a nest! Out over the drop, but some of the tree's gone. It'll be hard to reach.

SPRING VOICE:

The ways are fewer but the ways will remain.

FX: DISTANTLY –

HUNGERER:

(CALLS A HOWL)

ANOTHER HUNGERER:

(HOWLS IN RESPONSE)

WAYWALKER:

Hungerers!

SPRING VOICE:

Go fast.

AUTUMN VOICE:

They taste you on the wind.

SCENE 5: EXT. MOUNTAIN – APPROACHING CLIFF.

FX: HINT OF CLIFF-FACE WIND TO ONE SIDE. TURLOUGH AND DOCTOR DESCEND ROCKY TERRAIN INTO BRACKEN.

THIRD HUNGERER:
(CALLS FROM DISTANCE)

OTHER TWO HUNGERERS:
(HOWL IN RESPONSE)

DOCTOR:
Call and response. Interesting.

TURLOUGH:
Is it?

DOCTOR:
Yes. It means they're social. Unless I'm very much mistaken, they're using those calls to come together.

TURLOUGH:
Terrific.

DOCTOR:
Resonance suggests a well-developed diaphragm.. larger than a chimp, smaller than a bear. Probably need the lung capacity to handle these altitudes. I wonder what they eat?

TURLOUGH:
Unwary travellers, I imagine.

DOCTOR:
No, ordinarily. They can't expect the likes of us every tea-time.

TURLOUGH:
Oh good, we'll be a treat!

DOCTOR:
Can't be much on offer in this cold. Perhaps they build up fat reserves during the summer.

TURLOUGH:
For all you know this is summer.

DOCTOR:
Nonsense. Dried-out roots above the tree line, remember? Rather suggests warmer days.

SCENE 6: EXT. MOUNTAIN – OVER CLIFF EDGE

FX: WAYWALKER SHINS OUT OVER CLIFF ON A CREAKING TREE BOUGH.

WAYWALKER:

I'm scared, Old Ones.

SPRING VOICE:

The branches will support you. You are still small.

WAYWALKER:

They might not. Some are broken.

AUTUMN VOICE:

Choose a way you know others have taken.

WAYWALKER:

But the ambrichor's further out now. The nearest nests are empty!

SPRING VOICE:

Trust the branch you are on. It has never broken.

WAYWALKER:

(LOUD) It only needs to once!

FX: TREE CREAKS UNDER HER. SHE YELPS. CROSSFADE INTO:

SCENE 7: EXT. MOUNTAIN – IN WOODS [CONTINUOUS]

FX: LIGHT WIND THROUGH TREES. THE TAIL OF WAYWALKER'S YELP FROM DISTANCE.

DOCTOR:

Now, that was not one of our howling friends.

TURLOUGH:

It was a voice!

DOCTOR:

Well, so are the howls, technically, just not ones we can understand. Come on!

FX: HE RUSHES TOWARDS VOICE.

DOCTOR:

(RECEDING) When in doubt, head towards the unknown you can engage in conversation!

SCENE 8: EXT. MOUNTAIN – OVER CLIFF EDGE

WAYWALKER:

I'm by the nest. There's a pod ahead. What now?

SPRING VOICE:

Reach out and touch the ambrichor.

AUTUMN VOICE:

If the pod is ready, it will fall.

FX: SLIGHT FIZZING AS WAYWALKER HOLDS POD, THEN VEGETABLE FIBRES TWISTING AND SNAPPING.

WAYWALKER:

It's coming away! Letting go of the sky roots!

SPRING VOICE:

The ambrichor knows you.

FX: THE POD DROPS, TEARING AWAY FROM FINE ROOTS. THE WAYWALKER CATCHES IT (IT'S ROUGHLY GRAPEFRUIT SIZED). IT GLOOPS, FULL OF THICK LIQUID.

WAYWALKER:

It's heavy!

AUTUMN VOICE:

It is ripe.

SPRING VOICE:

Make your way back along the branch. You are ready for the Pathmaker.

FX: LOTS OF TREE CREAKING AS WAYWALKER MOVES ALONG.

WAYWALKER:

(EFFORT AS SHE STRUGGLES BACK ALONG HER BRANCH, ONE-HANDED)
With only one hand, it's hard...

HUNGERER:

(DISTANT HOWL)

AUTUMN VOICE:

Quickly!

FX: TREE CREAKING BECOMING CRACKING.

WAYWALKER:

Oh no. (TO VOICES) Help me, Old Ones! (NO RESPONSE; LOUDER)
Where have you gone? Why won't you talk to me? – Help me!!!

FX: THE DOCTOR RUNS IN THROUGH DRY GRASSES.

DOCTOR:

I'd be delighted!

WAYWALKER:

What are you?

DOCTOR:

No time. (HE HALTS AT CLIFF EDGE) Quick, reach out to me. Give me your (CLOCKS ALIEN BIOLOGY) ... hand, I suppose.

WAYWALKER:

No.

DOCTOR:

Please. I can't come any closer, adding my weight to that branch isn't going to help at all. Just reach out towards me.

WAYWALKER:

No. I can't drop the ambrichor!

FX: CRACKING NOISES STRENGTHEN.

DOCTOR:

The ambrichor? That yellow fruit thing?

WAYWALKER:

Yes.

FX: TURLOUGH ARRIVES.

DOCTOR:

Right. Well, the thing is the branch you're holding onto is going to give way quite soon, and if you weren't holding on to that pod you'd have a free hand...

TURLOUGH:

(COMMANDING) Throw the pod here! Now!

WAYWALKER:

No. You mustn't touch it.

TURLOUGH:

Look. I'll catch it in my jacket.

FX: TURLOUGH PULLING JACKET OFF.

TURLOUGH:

See? Just throw it.

FX: A PERSUASIVE CREAK.

WAYWALKER:

Alright.

FX: EXERTION AS SHE THROWS. POD LANDS IN TURLOUGH'S JACKET.

TURLOUGH:

Got it!

DOCTOR:

Quickly, stretch forward as far as you can, and try to take my hand.

WAYWALKER:

(REACHING EFFORT)

FX: BRANCH PROPERLY CRACKING.

TURLOUGH:

It's no good, the branch is breaking!

DOCTOR:

Jump!

WAYWALKER:

(JUMPING EFFORT)

FX: BRANCH COLLAPSES AS SHE JUMPS — SMASHING INTO THE CLIFFSIDE, SPLINTERING AS IT FALLS.

DOCTOR:

(GASPS, CATCHING HER) Got you!

FX: THEY TUMBLE ONTO GRASS.

BEAT.

WAYWALKER:

(BREATHLESS) Thank you.

DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS) Don't mention it.

WAYWALKER:

(BREATHLESS) But... what kind of creatures are you? Your pelts...

DOCTOR:

Ah, well — Turlough and I were born on worlds with rather fiercer suns. That's why we're not translucent.

TURLOUGH:

Unlike you.

WAYWALKER:

Worlds? So you're not Hungerers?

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor. And you are...?

WAYWALKER:

I am Waywalker. - I must have my ambrichor.

DOCTOR:

The pod, you mean? Turlough - would you be so kind?

FX: TURLOUGH PASSES JACKET.

TURLOUGH:

What is it, anyway? I can't believe it was worth risking your life on that branch for.

WAYWALKER:

Don't touch it!

FX: WAYWALKER SNATCHES AMBRICHOR.

TURLOUGH:

I wasn't going to.

WAYWALKER:

I climbed the tree to harvest the ambrichor. I need it for my Becoming.

FX: CRASHING IN THE TREES A WAY OFF.

WAYWALKER:

Quickly, we must go!

TURLOUGH:

Why?

WAYWALKER:

The Hungerers are coming.

DOCTOR:

"Hungerers"?

TURLOUGH:

That doesn't sound good.

2 x HUNGERERS:

(HOWLING AND GROWLING AMONGST TREES, OFF)

TURLOUGH:

So, do these "hungerers" just want to eat your ambrichor, or...?

WAYWALKER:

They don't just eat ambrichor.

FX: WAYWALKER MENTAL POV.

AUTUMN VOICE:

They like to feast on our brains.

SPRING VOICE:

They seek to devour the way.

DOCTOR:

I think we should run, don't you?

WAYWALKER:

(TO VOICES) Where should I run, Old Ones?

TURLOUGH:

('DOES SHE MEAN US'?) 'Old ones'?

WAYWALKER:

(TO DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH) Downward! Follow me!

FX: THEY RACE OFF. CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 9: EXT. MOUNTAIN – LOWER SLOPES [FEW MOMENTS LATER]

FX: RUNNING DOWNHILL. WAYWALKER LEADS. HUNGERERS SCAMPER BEHIND.

TURLOUGH:

They're coming after us!

DOCTOR:

How many?

TURLOUGH:

Two, I think!

DOCTOR:

We definitely heard three before.

WAYWALKER:

Come on! If we can reach the walled lands we'll be s-[afe.]

FX: WAYWALKER HALTS.

WAYWALKER:

No!

HUNGERER:

(GROWLS CLOSE BY AHEAD – PADS FORWARD, SNORTING)

FX: TURLOUGH AND DOCTOR SKID TO STANDSTILL. OTHER HUNGERERS CONTINUE TO PURSUE.

TURLOUGH:

That'll be the third, then...

WAYWALKER:

I've never seen Hungerers here, not in any season.

TURLOUGH:

We've been ambushed, haven't we?

DOCTOR:

Corralled, I'd say. No way forward. No way back. Clever. (STEPS FORWARD)

HUNGERER:

(ROARS)

WAYWALKER:

Don't approach it!

DOCTOR:

Yes – a reasoning intelligence, but not inclined to chat, I fear.

OTHER 2 x HUNGERERS:

(APPROACH, SNARLING)

TURLOUGH:

Those jaws weren't made for talking.

DOCTOR:

No. Plan B, I think. Waywalker, Turlough – head over to me, slowly. We don't want to enrage them. I'd like to try something.

FX: THEY HEAD OVER.

DOCTOR:

Nice and slowly now, if we can back into this corner.

FX: DOCTOR STARTS WALKING BACKWARDS.

TURLOUGH:

What? That's what they want!

DOCTOR:

Don't argue, Turlough. Come on, back under this outcrop. You too, Waywalker.

FX: WAYWALKER, TURLOUGH AND DOCTOR WALK BACKWARDS INTO A ROCKY CORNER AS..

3 x HUNGERERS:

(ADVANCE, SNORTING)

WAYWALKER:

(TO SELF) Old Ones preserve me.

FX: DOCTOR RUMMAGES IN POCKET.

TURLOUGH:

What are you doing?

DOCTOR:

I was thinking about an outswinger. There!

FX: HE PULLS OUT CRICKET BALL.

TURLOUGH:

You're going to attack three great ape creatures with a cricket ball?

DOCTOR:

No, not exactly. The conditions aren't ideal, I think I'd best forego a run-up. (EFFORT AS HE THROWS BALL)

TURLOUGH:

So, was that what you call a 'wide'?

DOCTOR:

(PLEASED) Turlough, you're learning!

3 x HUNGERERS:

(DRAW NEARER, SNORTING)

TURLOUGH:

Well, you didn't hit any of them.

DOCTOR:

I didn't intend to. I noticed some very loose scree on the slope above. With a bit of luck...

FX: RUMBLING ABOVE. THE BEGINNINGS OF A LANDSLIDE.

TURLOUGH:

You've started a landslide!

DOCTOR:

Get down! Make yourselves as small as you can!

FX: ROCKS AND DEBRIS ROAR DOWN.

3 x HUNGERERS:

(DISTRESS CALLS AS THEY RETREAT HASTILY)

TURLOUGH:

Waywalker – watch out for that boulder!

FX: A BOUNCING, CRACKING BOULDER. AN IMPACT.

WAYWALKER:

(CRIES OUT) My leg!

FX: LANDSLIDE SUBSIDES.

TURLOUGH:

Well, those Hungerers appear to have fled.

DOCTOR:

Rather a well-pitched Yorker, if I say so myself.

WAYWALKER:

(MISERABLY) I've failed.

DOCTOR:

Sorry?

WAYWALKER:

In my test. I can't take my ambrichor to the Cavern now.

DOCTOR:

Nonsense, I'm sure you can. (PULLING WAYWALKER TO HER FEET)
Here, let me help you up.

WAYWALKER:

(IN PAIN) Ah!

DOCTOR:

Oh dear. Your leg?

TURLOUGH:

I saw her take a hit in the rockfall.

DOCTOR:

Let me see.

FX: WAYWALKER WINCES AS DOCTOR EXAMINES HER.

DOCTOR:

I think it's just bruising. Hard to be sure, given such unusual biology, but I think I can still see intact bone there. This clouding in the subdermis might be the equivalent of scabbing..

TURLOUGH:

She's not a case study, you know.

DOCTOR:

No, of course not. Sorry. How are you feeling, Waywalker?

WAYWALKER:

Broken.

DOCTOR:

Well, I'm sure we can fix that. We're going to help you.

WAYWALKER:

To the Cavern?

DOCTOR:

I was thinking to your village. Is the Cavern nearer?

WAYWALKER:

It lies between the walled lands and the tree.

DOCTOR:

Alright, if that's what you want.

TURLOUGH:

(ASIDE) Is she fit to move?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Probably not, but I don't think we can stay put and risk those Hungerers coming back. — Waywalker: Turlough and I need to find materials to bind this injury, if we're going to get you to safety.

WAYWALKER:

I have to walk.

DOCTOR:

Yes, perhaps we could make you some kind of crutch?

WAYWALKER:

I need to get to the Cavern before the ambrichor decays.

TURLOUGH:

Why?

WAYWALKER:

Because it's the Cavern of Becoming.

TURLOUGH:

What does that even mean?

DOCTOR:

There'll be plenty of time for questions later, Turlough. (TO WAYWALKER) Don't go anywhere, will you?

FX: TIME LAPSE BRIDGE.

SCENE 10: **EXT. MOUNTAIN – LOWER SLOPES.**

FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH PICK THROUGH ROCKS FOR WOOD.

DOCTOR:

No that's no good. Going to need something sturdier.

FX: STICK CLATTERS AWAY.

TURLOUGH:

She talks to herself. Had you noticed?

DOCTOR:

Waywalker? Yes. I do too, sometimes. Don't you?

TURLOUGH:

I'm not sure she's quite normal.

DOCTOR:

We're the outsiders here, Turlough. For all we know her behaviour's perfectly normal.

TURLOUGH:

A skinny, malnourished thing like her coming up here to grab fruit off some sickly tree?

DOCTOR:

I suspect that fruit, if that's what it is-

TURLOUGH:

What else would it be?

DOCTOR:

I don't know, but it seemed to be growing in the tree's roots. Odd place for fruit.

TURLOUGH:

Odd place for tree roots, now you mention it. Sticking out in mid-air, I mean.

DOCTOR:

Whatever it is, I think picking it is part of a coming-of-age ritual. I imagine getting it's a test of bravery and dexterity (FX: HE SNAPS A THICK TWIG) and keeping your weight down.

TURLOUGH:

A test we helped Waywalker pass.

DOCTOR:

I suppose we did. (PICKS UP BRANCH) Ah, here we are, quite a respectable branch! Might even have come from that tree up there.

FX: WAYWALKER LIMPS FORWARD, WINCING AT WEIGHT TRANSFER.

WAYWALKER:

That will make a good support.

TURLOUGH:

Waywalker! Shouldn't you be resting that foot?

WAYWALKER:

I have been. It is much improved.

TURLOUGH:

You're still flinching.

WAYWALKER:

Which is why I'd like the branch.

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't say *much* improved, but that does look better. Let me see... (EXAMINES HER) Oh now, that's interesting. Quite a lot of heat in the clouded area and, unless I'm very much mistaken, rapid cellular repair. How've you managed that?

WAYWALKER:

I concentrated. As the Becoming approaches it is easier.

DOCTOR:

Remarkable. If only more of my friends had ankles like yours! Actually, I think one did...

FX: TIME LAPSE BRIDGE.

SCENE 11: EXT. MID-MOUNTAIN. APPROACHING CAVERN.

FX: FADE UP. MUD, A STREAM IN THE DISTANCE. THE TRAVELLERS LABOUR THROUGH. WAYWALKER TRYING TO MASK PAIN.

WAYWALKER:
Down here.

DOCTOR:
Take care, it looks a bit steep.

TURLOUGH:
Lean on me, Waywalker. It'll make the incline easier. Of course so would having a free hand.

FX: WAYWALKER LEANS ON HIM AS THEY NEGOTIATE DESCENT.

WAYWALKER:
My leg is still weak, I need to hold the stick.

TURLOUGH:
And your pod, naturally.

WAYWALKER:
The ambrichor is needed for the Becoming.

DOCTOR:
Is it?

WAYWALKER:
Yes, to become a true Waywalker.

TURLOUGH:
Hang on- become...? I thought Waywalker was your name.

WAYWALKER:
It is. It is the name of our people.

TURLOUGH:
All of them? Don't you have names of your own?

WAYWALKER:
Once we've Become we take the names of our paths. Farmer, Weaver, Defender...

TURLOUGH:
You just have titles? Not names?

DOCTOR:
It's not so strange. I find it focuses the mind rather. Your name's a title too, Turlough. Once upon a time it meant 'prompter', or 'spur to action'.

TURLOUGH:

Not where I came from, it didn't.

HUNGERER:

(DISTANT HOWL)

DOCTOR:

They never give up, do they?

WAYWALKER:

No.

TURLOUGH:

I imagine they're hungry.

WAYWALKER:

They are insatiable. The Defenders line the walled lands to keep them at bay, but the Hungerers never stop. I have seen them through many eyes. Cracking open our skulls, devouring our brains.

TURLOUGH:

Still, they make nice fur coats I imagine.

WAYWALKER:

We do not wear their pelts. They are unclean.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps you should. I think there's a hard winter on the way.

WAYWALKER:

This land is colder than it has been, yes.

DOCTOR:

Your sun's going through a funny time just now. It'll be further away and giving off less heat for a while. A few furs might make all the difference.

WAYWALKER:

It is not our way. The Hungerers give nothing to the world, and we take nothing from them.

DOCTOR:

Seems a little harsh. I'm sure they have some place in the ecosystem.

WAYWALKER:

(MOVING OFF) This way now. Into the gorge.

TURLOUGH:

(SOTTO) Have you seen her skin?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Yes, that clouding's spreading.

TURLOUGH:

(SOTTO) Part of the healing process?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Let's hope so.

SCENE 12: INT. CAVE ENTRANCE

FX: FADE UP. EXTERIOR AMBIENCE AT CAVE MOUTH. A THIN STREAM TRICKLES THROUGH. THE TRAVELLERS ENTER. WAYWALKER REALLY SUFFERING NOW.

WAYWALKER:

Through here. The Cavern is near now.

TURLOUGH:

Won't we need lights?

WAYWALKER:

No.

DOCTOR:

You've been here before?

WAYWALKER:

Of course not. I have not yet Become.

DOCTOR:

No, silly me... But you knew where it is? You know we don't need lights.

WAYWALKER:

The Old Ones tell me.

DOCTOR:

They told you before we set out?

WAYWALKER:

No, now. Inside me.

DOCTOR:

You hear their voices?

WAYWALKER:

Yes. Those who Become are with us from the beginning of childhood.

DOCTOR:

I see.

WAYWALKER:

They guide us in all things until we're ready to Become. Without them few would survive.

DOCTOR:

I see. Fascinating. What do you think, Turlough, race memory genetically encoded to ensure survival in a hostile environment?

TURLOUGH:

Seems a bit unlikely.

DOCTOR:

And yet the trauma of a Tractator invasion was woven deep into your people's psyches.

TURLOUGH:

But that's different!

DOCTOR:

Is it? We all inherit behaviour from our ancestors. It seems the Waywalkers do so rather more directly, that's all. Like having a head full of past selves...

WAYWALKER:

Doctor... today, there have been times when the Old Ones failed to speak. That is not normal.

DOCTOR:

Really? When didn't they speak?

WAYWALKER:

When I was on the breaking branch... when the Hungerers had us surrounded.

DOCTOR:

Well, perhaps that's why. Perhaps you'd found yourself in situations their wisdom had no words for.

WAYWALKER:

I don't understand.

DOCTOR:

I suspect no-one who's faced those problems before has lived to pass on their wisdom.

WAYWALKER:

That's sad.

DOCTOR:

Yes, but it does make what you've managed today rather special, doesn't it?

WAYWALKER:

Thank you, Doctor. You've made me feel a little better.

TURLOUGH:

Just doing what his name demands... Hey, is that daylight up ahead?

FX: TURLOUGH RUSHES AHEAD.

DOCTOR:

Careful, Turlough!

CROSS TO:

SCENE 13: INT. CAVERN OF BECOMING [CONTINUOUS]

FX: 'SPRINGY' ACOUSTIC, THE STREAM RUNNING STRONGER. UNDERLYING ALL, A PULSING, ORGANIC DRONE. THE SOUND OF A HUGE, LIVING JELLY.

TURLOUGH:

(HALTING AT ENTRANCE; CALLING BACK) No, it's not sunlight. This whole chamber's got a sort of yellow glow.

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING WITH WAYWALKER) The Cavern of Becoming, I presume?

WAYWALKER:

Yes!

DOCTOR:

Actually, I think it is sunlight, Turlough – there's a small opening in the roof back there.

TURLOUGH:

But the way the light's spread out through the air...

DOCTOR:

That's not air. Not for the most part. Look carefully. Most of this cave is taken up by some sort of gelatinous substance.

WAYWALKER:

It's the Pathmaker.

SPRING VOICE:

Consume the ambrichor.

AUTUMN VOICE:

Become consumed.

FX: WAYWALKER BREAKS OPEN AMBRICHOR POD. VEGETABLE FIBRES TEARING.

TURLOUGH:

What are you doing?

WAYWALKER:

I must drink the ambrichor, and find my way. (DRINKS FROM POD)

FX: GLOOPY LIQUID GLUGS INTO HER MOUTH.

DOCTOR:

Of course, the ambrichor – the fluid inside it! It's made of the same stuff as this jelly!

WAYWALKER:

(WIPES MOUTH) I'm ready, Pathmaker. (WALKS FORWARD)

TURLOUGH:

Wait, where are you going? You can't just walk into all that stuff...!

DOCTOR:

Let her go, Turlough.

FX: SHE WALKS INTO THE JELLY AND IS ABSORBED. IT FIZZES.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 14: INT. INSIDE PATHMAKER [CONTINUOUS]

FX: UNDERWATERY ACOUSTIC. THICK GURGLES. PATHMAKER DRONE UNDER. AUTUMN AND SPRING VOICES CHORUSING.

AUTUMN AND SPRING VOICES:

Let the Pathmaker in...
Let it find you out...
Let it find your purpose...
Let it make your way.

FX: WAYWALKER GASPING IN JELLY. BUBBLES RISING, FIZZING.

CROSS BACK TO:

SCENE 15: INT. CAVERN OF BECOMING [CONTINUOUS]

FX: BUBBLING, SIMMERING FROM PATHMAKER.

TURLOUGH:

That thing, it's feeding on her!

DOCTOR:

I think she's feeding on it, too. They're symbiotic life forms! Maybe even variations on the same root creature..

FX: BUBBLES BLOB AND SPIT ATOP PATHMAKER.

DOCTOR:

Of course! See those tiny bubbles drifting up, Turlough? They're going to float up through the roof.

TURLOUGH:

And?

DOCTOR:

And they'll be carried by the winds until they lodge in the roots of a tree far above and feed on it. They'll be the next crop of ambrichor.

TURLOUGH:

I don't understand what's happening.

DOCTOR:

Nor do I, entirely. But my guess is that this 'Pathmaker' is absorbing our friend's thoughts.

TURLOUGH:

Why?

DOCTOR:

To preserve them in aspic, add them to the collective.

TURLOUGH:

But I thought the Waywalkers could already hear their ancestors' voices?

DOCTOR:

Yes, but perhaps only those who go through the Becoming get to add their voice to the chorus.

CROSS BACK TO:

SCENE 16: INT. INSIDE PATHMAKER [CONTINUOUS]

FX: MORE BUBBLE AND CHURN. A CRAZY MESS OF DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH'S WORDS TO WAYWALKER FROM PREVIOUS SCENES:

DOCTOR:

Ah, well – Turlough and I were born on worlds with rather fiercer suns. That's why we're not translucent.

TURLOUGH:

You're going to attack three great ape creatures with a cricket ball?

DOCTOR:

[...] This clouding in the subdermis might be the equivalent of scabbing..

TURLOUGH:

[...] Don't you have names of your own?

DOCTOR:

Your sun's going through a funny time just now. It'll be further away and giving off less heat for a while. A few furs might make all the difference.

SPRING AND AUTUMN VOICES:

No! No! These are not Waywalker thoughts! This is not our way! Let them go!

WAYWALKER:

I can't!

FX: WAYWALKER STRUGGLES, CHOKING, DROWNING. CROSS BACK TO:

SCENE 17: **INT. CAVERN OF BECOMING [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: INCREASED PATHMAKER FIZZ AND CHURN.

TURLOUGH:

She's struggling. Something's not right!

DOCTOR:

It may just be part of the process.

TURLOUGH:

No! She needs help.

FX: HE CHARGES INTO THE GLOOP.

DOCTOR:

Turlough! What are you doing? Turlough!

CROSS TO:

SCENE 18: INT. INSIDE PATHMAKER [CONTINUOUS]

FX: CACOPHONY OF BUBBLING. A WALL OF DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH LINES, LOOPING AROUND (AS IN PREVIOUS SCENE). SPRING AND AUTUMN VOICES ABOVE.

SPRING AND AUTUMN VOICES:

No! No! No!

TURLOUGH:

(GRABS WAYWALKER) It's alright, Waywalker, I've got you!!!

FX: A TREACLY SPLASH AS TURLOUGH EXITS WITH WAYWALKER, INTO:

SCENE 19: INT. CAVERN OF BECOMING [CONTINUOUS]

FX: GASPING, TURLOUGH STAGGERS FROM THE JELLY CARRYING WAYWALKER. THE PATHMAKER CHURN EASES.

DOCTOR:

What have you done, Turlough?

TURLOUGH:

Saved her life, I think. Get out of the way, so I can put her down!

DOCTOR:

You realise you may have intervened in a crucial part of an entirely natural process!

FX: TURLOUGH LOWERS WAYWALKER DOWN. SHE COUGHS, CLEARING JELLY FROM HER THROAT.

WAYWALKER:

It was attacking me!

TURLOUGH:

See? All the new skin clouding! She's hurt!

WAYWALKER:

I've been rejected. The Pathmaker found no way for me.

DOCTOR:

Why not?

WAYWALKER:

You can't have a new way with the Old Ones' voices still within. Those you no longer need are stripped away. Some... voices I did not want to lose.

DOCTOR:

Our voices, you mean.

WAYWALKER:

For that the Pathfinder chose to lose me.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry.

FX: TIME LAPSE BRIDGE.

SCENE 20: EXT. MOUNTAIN – CAVE ENTRANCE

FX: FADE UP. BACKGROUND AS SCENE 11. THE TRIO WALK UP TO CAVE ENTRANCE.

TURLOUGH:

So, what now, Waywalker?

WAYWALKER:

I will return to the walled lands.

DOCTOR:

The village in the valley?

WAYWALKER:

Yes. I will tell the elders I have failed.

TURLOUGH:

Because of me?

WAYWALKER:

No, but you may have saved me a worse failure. I will not become adult, but I can still serve my people. You have opened my eyes, Doctor. This land is changing. New ideas might be the only way to survive.

DOCTOR:

Do you need help?

WAYWALKER:

No. This is something I should do alone.

DOCTOR:

I quite understand. You can be your people's first generalist. A Jill of No Trades! – Sorry, probably a tricky one for the TARDIS to translate.

WAYWALKER:

The TARDIS?

TURLOUGH:

Our ship from... the other worlds. It landed up the mountain.

DOCTOR:

Yes, and we really ought to start climbing back up there, if we want to reach it before dusk.

TURLOUGH:

What, with all those "Hungerers" about?

WAYWALKER:

The Hungerers have no sense of you, Turlough. It's Waywalkers they hunt.

TURLOUGH:

Isn't that something you could have mentioned earlier?

WAYWALKER:

(BRIEFLY TROUBLED) It's something I don't think I knew before... Goodbye, Doctor. Goodbye, Turlough.

TURLOUGH:

Are you sure you be alright? You *have* been quite badly hurt.

DOCTOR:

One of the ways we learn, I'm afraid, Turlough. — Goodbye, Waywalker.

FX: THEY GO THEIR SEPARATE WAYS. FADE.

SCENE 21: **EXT. MOUNTAIN — MIDWAY**

FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH CLIMB.

TURLOUGH:

So what was the Pathmaker, Doctor? I can't believe something like that grew up by chance.

DOCTOR:

No? But you can believe in giraffes' necks, or the social structure of an ant nest.

TURLOUGH:

There's a bit of a difference...

DOCTOR:

Only in magnitude. It's a big universe. One-in-a-billion chances happen. The Waywalkers and the Pathmaker may have evolved together. They might be the vestiges of some old colony ship. An organic computer and its gestalt crew. Who knows?

TURLOUGH:

Well, if all you're going to do is guess...

DOCTOR:

(HURT) Informed speculation, Turlough. — It seems the Pathmaker remakes the Waywalkers when they approach maturity. I imagine drinking the ambrichor helps facilitate a bond, and eases the cerebral metamorphosis. The Pathmaker absorbs the youngster's memories, sees what role they're best suited for, and recreates them accordingly. Essentially, it's a very firm Careers Advisor.

TURLOUGH:

But what does the Pathmaker get out of it?

DOCTOR:

It feeds. It releases ambrichor. It perpetuates the cycle. A perfectly happy, stable ecosystem. Until of course that sun up there starts messing around and the weather turns cold... (BEAT; STOPS CLIMBING) You know, that still bothers me.

TURLOUGH:

The cold?

DOCTOR:

No. The Hungerers' place in this ecosystem.

TURLOUGH:

Predatory.

DOCTOR:

Yes, but it must be pretty slim pickings. To reach the size they have on what little there is up here...

TURLOUGH:

Perhaps they get to that size before they come here? Maybe they raid the Waywalkers' crops.

DOCTOR:

No, I don't think they get past the walls. Unless... (DAWNING) Oh no. I've just realised something.

FX: HE STARTS RUNNING DOWN MOUNTAIN.

TURLOUGH:

Where are you going?

DOCTOR:

(RECEDING) Down to the village, before it's too late!

TURLOUGH:

Here we go again. (FOLLOWS)

SCENE 22: INT. WAYWALKER HUT

FX: LARGE GROUP OF VILLAGERS ASSEMBLED.

VILLAGERS:

(EXCITEDLY) She has returned from the Cavern!/ But what has she Become?/ What is her path?

WAYWALKER:

(TO MAKE HERSELF HEARD) Waywalkers. – Waywalkers!

VILLAGERS:

Hush, she wishes to speak!/ Hush!/ Hush!

.

WAYWALKER:

I have returned from the Cavern, but I have been given no path.

ELDER:

Then... you know what must follow.

WAYWALKER:

I do, Elder, but I must speak first. My... (STAB OF PAIN – GASPS) My thoughts will not join yours in future seasons, but I – (GASPS) I hope some of my words may. Please. Remember if you can. There are other ways to be. I've – (HINT OF HUNGERER SNARL/SNORT) I've seen them.

NB: SHE'S BECOMING A HUNGERER, SLOWLY. A PAINFUL PROCESS.

WAYWALKER:

(THROUGH PAIN) Our crops grow weak. The sky roots are sickly. I've seen the best and worst of past seasons, and this has been the worst of all. Soon, the old ways may no longer keep us safe.

FX: WAYWALKER'S SINEWS CREAK, SKIN RIPPING.

WAYWALKER:

Others have spoken like this before. I know I must be exiled. I only hope that this time, you don't dismiss my words as the snarl of another whose skin grows dark. That you can you look beyond this pelt to see one who was once like you.

ELDER:

That is enough. – Go now, Hungerer! You have become unclean!!!

WAYWALKER:

(GROWLS)

VILLAGERS:

(JEERING) Unclean!/ Unclean!/ Unclean!!!

SCENE 23: EXT. MOUNTAIN – LOWER SLOPES

FX: DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH RUNNING.

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, wait!!!

DOCTOR:

I should have realised why it didn't make sense. The Hungerers are just a different form of Waywalker - the ones that the Pathmaker rejects!

SCENE 24: **EXT. VALLEY - VILLAGE GATES**

FX: WAYWALKER STAGGERS ONTO GRASS.

WAYWALKER:
(PANTING, PAINED)

ELDER:
(CALLING FROM HEIGHT) Close the wall behind it!

FX: WOODEN GATE DRAGGED SHUT AND BOLTED AS THE DOCTOR AND
TURLOUGH HURRY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

DOCTOR:
(CALLING FROM DISTANCE) No! Wait!

ELDER:
Begone, Hungerer! Join your mountain exiles, pathless thing!

VILLAGERS:
(BEHIND GATES - ALL CHEER THANKFULLY)

FX: CHEERS DIE DOWN AS DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH ARRIVE.

WAYWALKER:
(GIVES HUNGERER-ISH SNORT)

DOCTOR:
Oh no, is that you?

WAYWALKER:
(HER VOICE NOTICEABLY DEEPER, MORE HUNGERER-ISH FROM HERE) Am I
so changed, already?

TURLOUGH:
Well, you're beginning to sprout hair...

DOCTOR:
It may still be reversible. If I can somehow make a psychic
bond with the Pathmaker, I may be able to negotiate something.

WAYWALKER:
No. Change too far gone. I feel ancestral voices slipping from
me. My voice too.

DOCTOR:
This is all our fault, Turlough!

TURLOUGH:
How come?

DOCTOR:

Don't you see? It was our voices that made her a Hungerer. When the Pathmaker rejected her, she lost her place in this society.

WAYWALKER:

You gave taste for knowledge, but hunger for something always there.

DOCTOR:

We must put a stop to this! End this monstrous order!

TURLOUGH:

(SCEPTICAL) Show the Waywalkers another way, I suppose?

DOCTOR:

Exactly!

WAYWALKER:

This way has lasted many seasons. You would have to kill Pathmaker to end it. That would end... everything.

DOCTOR:

But-

WAYWALKER:

Slow change only hope. Change from within.

DOCTOR:

No. We should fight this!

TURLOUGH:

And how do you propose to do that, Doctor? Destroy the Pathmaker, and you destroy the basis of these people's society.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I realise that, Turlough...

TURLOUGH:

You'll have to take the place of the Pathmaker. You'll have to rule over these people. Decide their futures. Choose their path. Crush any dissent. Can you do that?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps not.

TURLOUGH:

Right. So if we're not about to start a revolution here, we need to just go!!!

DOCTOR:

So much for a 'spur to action'.

TURLOUGH:

We don't have any other choice!

WAYWALKER:

Things may change, Doctor. Get better.

DOCTOR:

How?

WAYWALKER:

I'm not all Hungerer, I think. Turlough pulled me from Pathmaker... before my way was fully lost.

TURLOUGH:

I did?

DOCTOR:

(CRUMB OF HOPE) You did, yes! – Waywalker: can you do it? Can you find a new way? Make another world?

WAYWALKER:

I... hope. – I go now. You too. (SHE STAGGERS AWAY)

BEAT.

TURLOUGH:

Come on, Doctor. We've our own path to make, back up the mountain. (HE WALKS OFF)

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) I hope so too, Waywalker.

HUNGERER:

(HOWLS DISTANTLY)

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) I really do.

THE END